

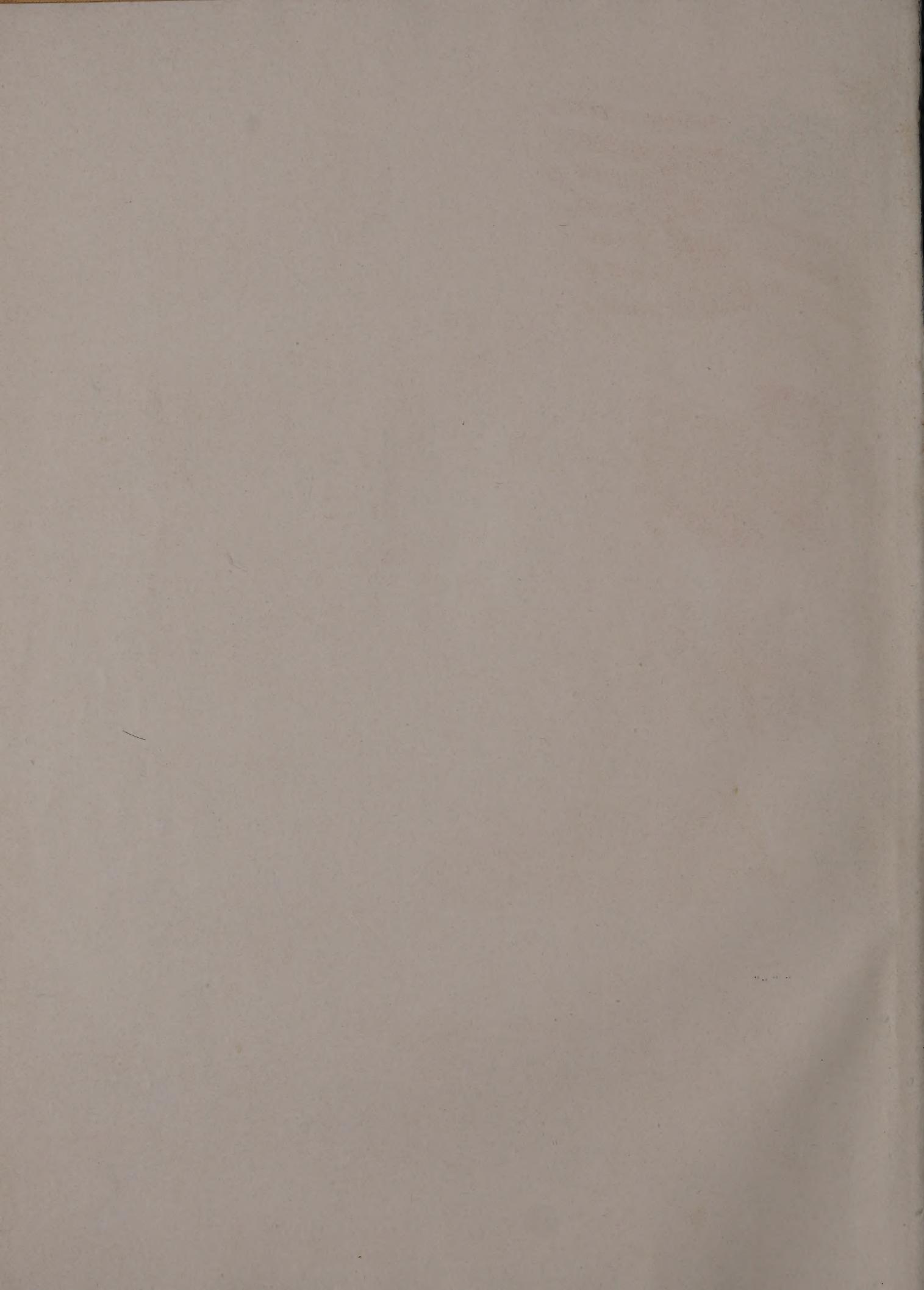


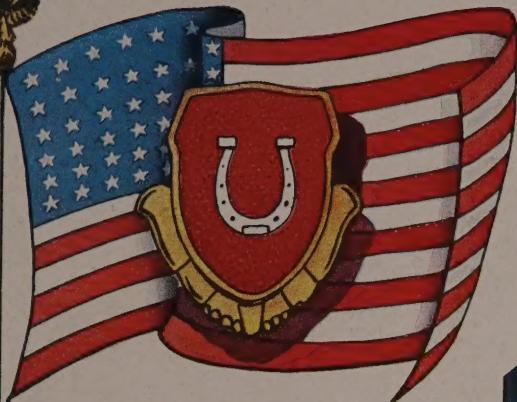
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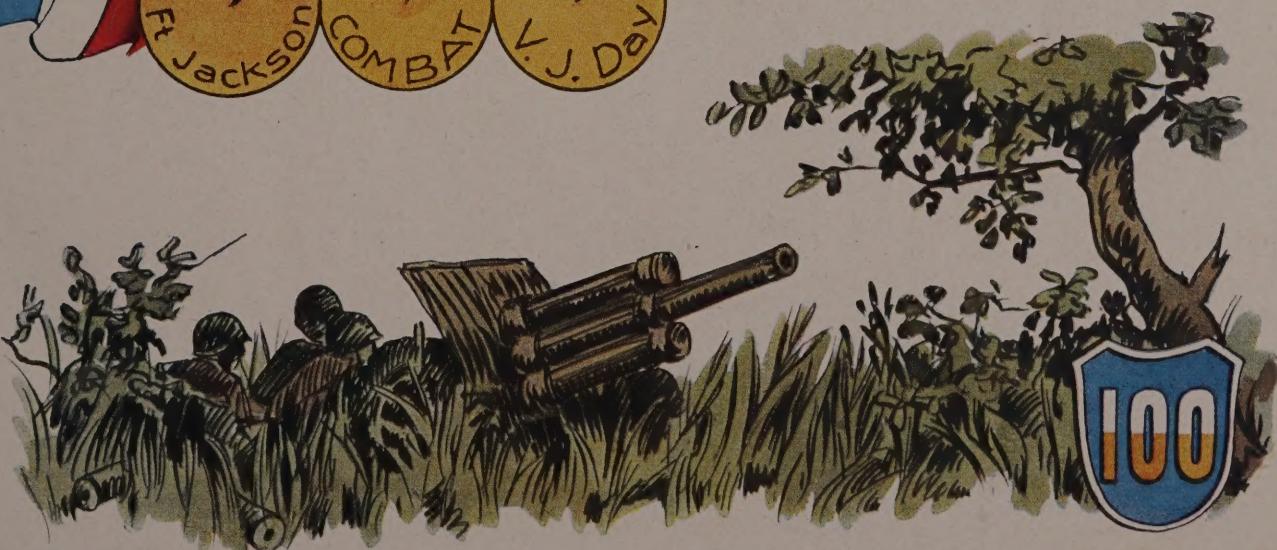
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The History of **375 F.A.B.**

Ft Jackson COMBAT V.J. Day



D E D I C A T I O N

Military annals abound with heroes;

men who, from time immemorial,

have died for the freedom of their nation.

We have heard, or have read of their valorous sacrifices.

Many of the heroes of this war

shall be extolled by the modern historian.

Their deeds shall be lauded and their names revered.

Many shall be venerated, but some not at all.

Some shall remain relatively obscure;

honored only by those who fought with them for the same cause.

The men of this Battalion

who gave their lives to perpetuate the American

precepts are not forgotten.

They are in the hearts and minds of us all.

TO THEM,

WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS HISTORY

HEADQUARTERS 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION
Office of the Commanding General
APO 447, United States Army

20 September 1945

TO THE 375TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, 100TH INFANTRY DIVISION:

It is indeed gratifying to learn that the 375th Field Artillery Battalion is to publish a history of its fine achievements in combat.

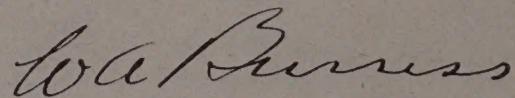
Your battalion, both as a member of Combat Team 398 and when in general support of the Division, over a period of practically six continuous months of combat, under the worst conditions of weather and determined enemy action, always carried out its tasks in an outstanding manner. By your intelligent, effective, and continuous support you not only gained the high respect, admiration, and complete confidence of the 398th Infantry, but of all elements of the Division as well. This was not by chance. It came as the result of long, hard, and realistic training.

Among the outstanding performances of your battalion--those which we all at once recall--were the operations which resulted in the capture of Fort Schiesseck, one of the strongest forts in the Maginot Line, successfully repulsing the German offensive of 1 January 1945 near Bitche, France, and the crossing of the Neckar River near Heilbronn, Germany.

You are, and you should be, proud of the splendid part you played in bringing about the greatest victory of our arms. But the price of such a heritage is dear. We should be ever mindful and eternally inspired by those who gave so much...gave all.

I am extremely proud to have had you in my command and to have been associated with you in combat. My best wishes go with you and your families always.

Sincerely,



W. A. BURRESS
Major General, United States Army
Commanding



W. A. BURRESS
MAJOR GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY
100th INFANTRY DIVISION



To - The Officers and Men 375th Inf. Regt.
In appreciation of your loyal support and
fine combat record -

John B Murphy
Brig Gen U.S.A.

JOHN B. MURPHY
BRIGADIER GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY
100th INFANTRY DIVISION ARTILLERY

HEADQUARTERS 375TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION
Office of the Commanding Officer
APO 447, U. S. Army

10 November 1945

TO: ALL OFFICERS AND MEN, 375TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

When the battalion was activated we described our goal in three simple words - - - SUCCESS IN BATTLE. We achieved that SUCCESS IN BATTLE in a fashion that was so superior in all respects as to elicit the highest of praise from many closely associated with the battalion. Yet it was not a simple task! The bitter cold, rain, and snow of the Vosges, the mines and booby traps at Bitche, the mortar and artillery fire at Heilbronn, the snipers at Baltmannsweiler, all attest to some of the obstacles in our path. The manner in which we avoided these threats to our safety and reciprocated with deadly punishment of our foes was a source of deep pride to me personally.

In all our associations together we have had one common pledge, that is inscribed on the scroll of our battalion crest -- SIC JURAT TRANSCENDERE MONTES! -- "Let us take oath to surmount all obstacles!" These words have been in our hearts too. They have led us to carry on as good soldiers at all times. May they continue to hold such a place of honor in future years to inspire us to perpetuate the many friendships we have gained in being together in a worthy cause and to spread far and wide the grand and glorious fame of a stout-hearted battalion!

Raymond Renola
RAYMOND RENOLA
Lt Colonel, F.A.
Commanding



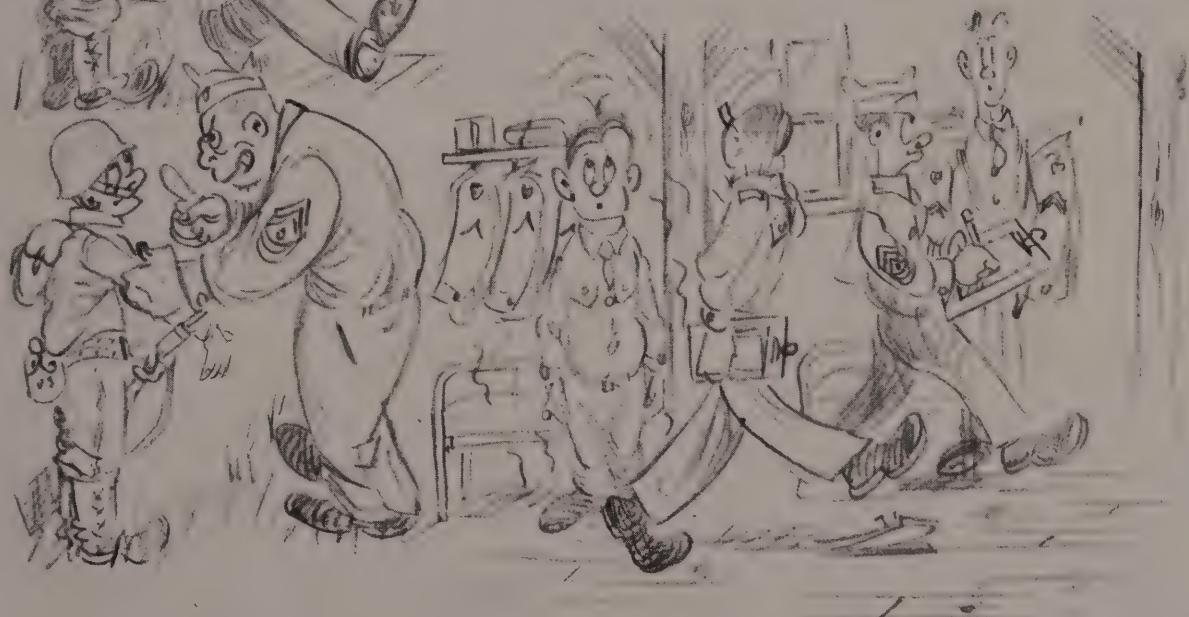
RAYMOND RENOLA

L.T. COLONEL, F. A.
375th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION





SECTION I
Activation and basic training





Baker Battery Receiving the Battalion Colors

Jt was on the tenth of October, 1942 that three officers reported to Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Five days later a group of non-commissioned officers from the 76th Division reported. It was these three officers, Major Ernest C. E. Austin, Captain Raymond Renola and Captain Dale R. Merchant, together with the enlisted cadre, who were to form a new field artillery battalion, the Three Hundred and Seventy Fifth.

Fort Jackson, the home of the new battalion, was a typical southern Army camp. Roughly built, it had been rapidly expanded to meet the housing demands required by thousands of troops pouring into the Southland for military training. Upon moving into their new home the cadre of the 375th found only the bare essentials for living, but they quickly adapted themselves and settled down earnestly to the task set before them.

For several weeks the cadre was occupied with routine garrison details. Many of them will recall those trying first days together with the frequent annoying guard details and the smell of turpentine and paint which surrounded the newly constructed buildings. Birth with its labor pains are no longer mere words to those men who helped to deliver the 375th Field Artillery Battalion.

November 15, 1942 was actual activation date of the Horseshoe Battalion. For a month prior to this date men who were to eventually bring it up to full strength were receiving from their local draft boards the only too well-known greetings from the President. Induction centers were receiving these new members of the Army of the United States and were processing them with an almost unbelievable speed. For its many trainees, the 100th Infantry Division was indebted to Army installations throughout the United States, but the nucleus of the 375th Field was drawn chiefly from Fort Devens, Fort Dix, Camp Upton, and Fort Bragg.



Arrival at Fort Jackson



Lining Up

In the early days of 1942, many troops trains swiftly converged at Fort Jackson. Few of their passengers knew this was to be their new home for a number of months at least. Finally after one, two and three days on these troops carriers, the new soldiers in the making, left the cars at Columbia and piled into waiting trucks for the drive to Fort Jackson. So this was it! A variety of emotions swept through the minds of the new Artillerymen; some were relieved and others were disappointed, as they approached the sand-swept fort which was to be their first stopping place on the road to battle.

It is difficult for Northerners to adjust themselves to the sandy loam of the Southland, and even some Southerners wonder why the Army chooses such forsaken spots for camps. As they entered the camp a welcoming band, playing martial airs, greeted them, but it would have taken much more than patriotic music to have bolstered the morale of these soldiers.

It was some time before the new recruits were permanently assigned, but at last the rosters of Able, Baker, Charlie, Headquarters, and Service Batteries were filled up. The cadre no longer had only themselves for company, and more than ever their time was fully occupied with teaching the new pupils the rudiments of soldiering.

Band Welcomes

"Straighten Up There, Soldier"



The days passed with unbelievable swiftness. While undergoing the gradual adjustment of a civilian to the military way of living the new recruits looked forward to Christmas. And then much to their dismay the battalion was placed under a two-week quarantine a week before the holiday. Morale hit rock bottom and stayed there. Christmas came, and as one man aptly put it, "There was a lot of beer diluted with tears that day". A few of the men retain a special place in their memory for that day. Some listened to Bing Crosby sing the then new and beautiful song, "White Christmas", and all dreamed of home and loved ones as they listened. Others had different ideas. It has been said that Cook, Droll, Karowski and Boynton innocently took the "wrong" bus, and through no fault of their own they passed a pleasant Christmas Day in the nearby city of Columbia. They brought back to their buddies tidings of comfort and joy, tales of wondrous places. So Christmas passed.

When the quarantine was lifted the battalion began its training program. Basic training will always retain a vivid place in the minds of men who have been subjected to its rigors. This period was not only the formative stage of their military careers, but it was also during this time that the foundation of new and lasting friendships were laid. Those first weeks and months at Fort Jackson will always remain sharply etched on the memories of those who were there that winter of 1942—1943. Bitterly cold in winter, this sand pile became scorchingly hot in summer. During basic training, classes were the order of the day. From the complicated "Gas" to the simple elements of "About Face," the rookies worked their bodies and their minds until time itself seemed to have no end. The training was there—all of it. Calisthenics, dismounted drill, interior guard duty, military courtesy, driving instructions, first aid, small arms instruction and much else was drummed into our heads until we felt we could hold no more. But all of this seemed simple after we gaped with awe at our first 105 howitzer. This was to be the weapon with which we would fight the enemy when we reached the "over there". For men who for the most part had fired only .22's and shotguns in previous life, a 105 howitzer appeared to be a monstrous firing piece. "This, men, is a howitzer, not a gun. There is a distinction, remember!" And from then on the howitzer was a friend, as was the carbine, and with the progress of time its workings and mechanisms became increasingly simple.

For thirteen weeks we were taught the rudiments of being artillerymen. We rapidly learned how to move the gun section into position, how to spread trails, "prepare for action", and to get out our aiming stakes. We picked up in a short time the duties of the various canoneers' jobs. We learned how to lay wires, how to operate switchboards and radios, and how to perform preventative maintenance on our vehicles. The time was not all filled with work, however. The after duty hours were filled with many an hour spent singing over a mug of beer in the post exchange. Often the practical



Russel Learning the Switchboard

Sgt's Walsh and Goldau taking a break





Road March

Physical Fitness Tests

joker would have his hour, as the evening when Farbstein caused a mattress to be released from the ceiling upon Vannette as the latter climbed into bed!

Weekends were usually greeted with great anticipation by those men who were fortunate enough to escape weekend details. Some six miles to the west of Fort Jackson lay Columbia, South Carolina, the thriving state capital. Main Street was mobbed with soldiers whose olive drab nearly drowned out the more daring civilian colors. To the men of the 375th Columbia was "the pass". Bus service between the Fort and Columbia was excellent. From the orderly room to the "Blue Moon" was merely a matter of minutes, but from the "Blue Room" to the orderly room it was often a matter of hours and of navigation.

For those who preferred a more ordered social life, Columbia provided the time and the place. The Service Club on the hill provided many an enjoyable night of dancing. The churches also did their part to provide recreation and entertainment. Saturday night tea dances became regular occasion and proved extremely popular with the men of the Horseshoe Battalion. The beautiful southern belles of the town turned out in large number for these occasions.

After such weekends it was with great reluctance that training was recommenced on Monday morning, but the inevitable had to be. Training continued week after week, in spite of the confinement of the outfit in January for spinal meningitis. Judo classes were among the more unpopular features of training. Some men took their judo training seriously, as a result of which there were several unfortunate consequences. The classes had to be discontinued before the law of "the survival of the fittest" could take its toll.

In the meantime everyone was becoming more and more familiar with the 105 howitzer. Soon the big day came. The first service practice. All of the Horseshoe artillerymen remember the first time they fired their pieces. No one knew exactly what to expect. Fingers automatically found the ears of men in foxholes until they gradually grew accustomed to the shock. To many the first service practice will always appear as a comedy of errors, especially to the men of the third and fourth sections of Able Battery. Perhaps due to the nervous excitement or to the novelty of firing, the command "Battery Adjust, Shell HE, Fuze M54, Number

Saturday Night Beer

Fracol - Who could have a stomach like that but a first cook?



Four one round, Elevation . . ." from the executive was not understood at Number 3 section. The round was prepared. Realizing suddenly that they were not to fire, everyone became tense with excitement and uncertainty. Thinking that the removal of the safety pin started the powder train of a time-fire fuze, Sergeant Kaufmann's section believed themselves in peril. The Number 2 man laid the shell gently on the ground and then the crew, Pizzano, Foster, Whitely, Lenn, Dworkin, and Mignone began an unscheduled track event with Mignone well ahead of the field. The Number 2 man on the Number 4 piece, seeing the mad rush of the Third Section, let his round drop from the cradle and he joined in the flight for safety, closely followed by his fellow crewmen. Sergeant Hathaway is reputed to have saved the day, but not the reputation of the unfortunate Third and Fourth Sections. He calmly walked over to the offending shell and replaced the pin. Sheepishly the fleet-footed crews returned to their pieces. Perhaps this was the time for the explanation of boresafe shells and a lesson on the centrifugal force which pulls the pin and starts the powder train.

It was also about this time that we had our first wedding reception. Cranmer was married, and Charlie Battery turned out for the nuptial party. Everyone enjoyed himself thoroughly. The groom had such a good time that he took his bride to a hotel in the city and then returned to the Fort to sleep in his own bunk. About four in the morning he awoke with a start. Needless to say, it didn't take him long to get back to the city.

Almost before we knew it the thirteen weeks of basic training were over. For the first time we were privileged to have furloughs and we began to await our turn to get home for a brief escape from the Army routine. A new phase of training known as specialists training was now begun.



Infiltration Course

Nazi Village Beginning



Street Fighting Course





No questions needed



Rathaus—Burgomeister not at home

Reading from left to right—Hill, Geschwender, Karowsky, Carr, Gaw, Pawlusia, Fracol, Walsh, Kaiser



Emphasis was placed on preparing men for particular jobs in the howitzer, wire and radio sections. A healthy rivalry soon developed. The various gunsections worked hard to outdo one another. Sergeant Lipson for one was apparently a tireless worker. It was usually impossible for him to remain still when there was work to be done. On one field problem he worked so hard putting up a camouflage net that he collapsed in a faint!

Communications comprise the nervous system of the Artillery. On this the communications sections were agreed, but much argument prevailed as to which was the most important, wire or radio. John Mulvey, an ardent wireman, and Frank Giammerella, a fanatical radio technician, became veritable soapbox orators as they hurled verbal barrage at one another. The issue was never settled.

A never to be forgotten day was the one on which the Colonel dropped in for a visit. Just as he was about to leave he turned to Joe Siegal and casually inquired, "How many tubes are there in a SCR-610?" Joe answered interrogatively, "Tubes?" in a voice that indicated that he had never heard of a radio, much less of a tube. As such incidents usually have an aftermath, this one was no exception. Joe did not long remain in the radio section.

One event caused great concern and excitement. In April 1943 the Division was alerted. We were given steel helmets, M-1 rifles and carbines and were moved out with full field pack. Rumors spread—many of us believed we would possibly be shipped out soon. However, when we reached Charleston, South Carolina we learned we were to guard the Southern Railroad with its bridged, switches, and underground passes between Richmond and Atlanta. A train passed, and then we were informed of the mission of our three day guard duty. We had had the honor

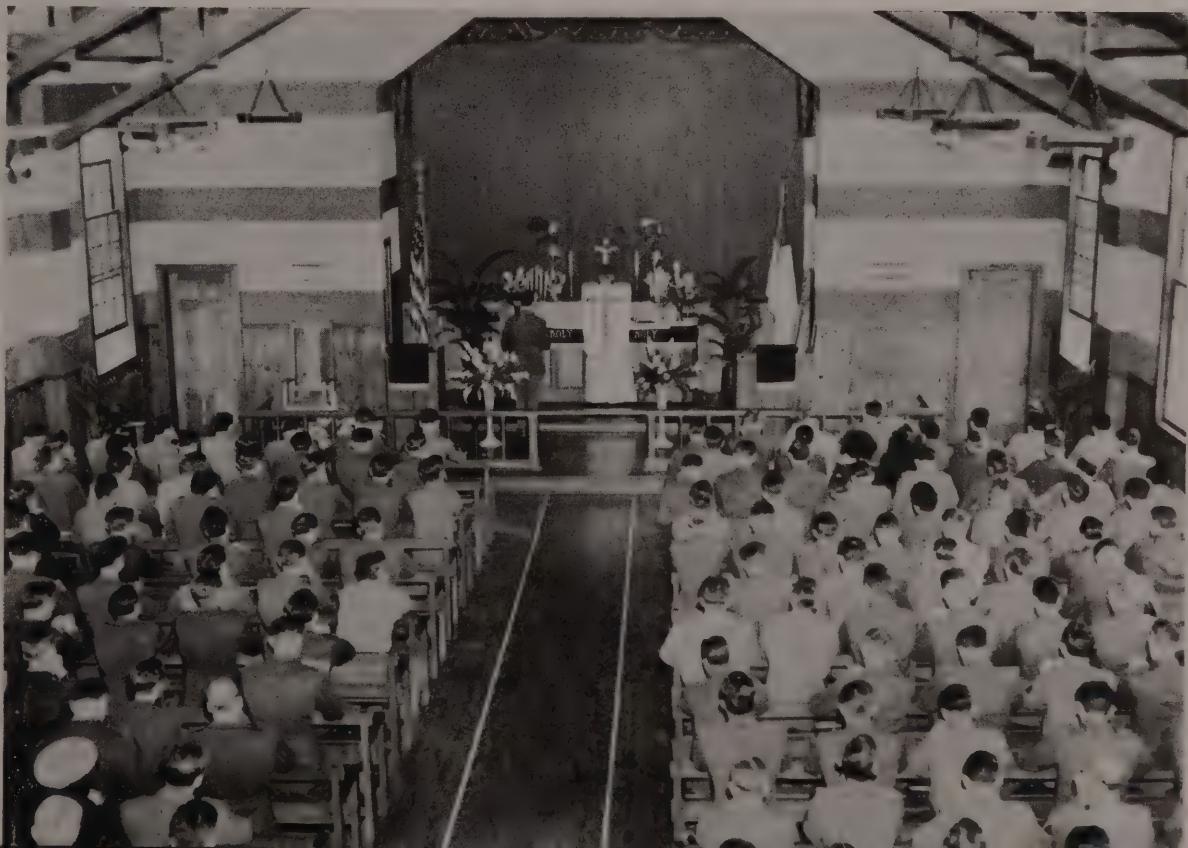
375th Air Force Landing

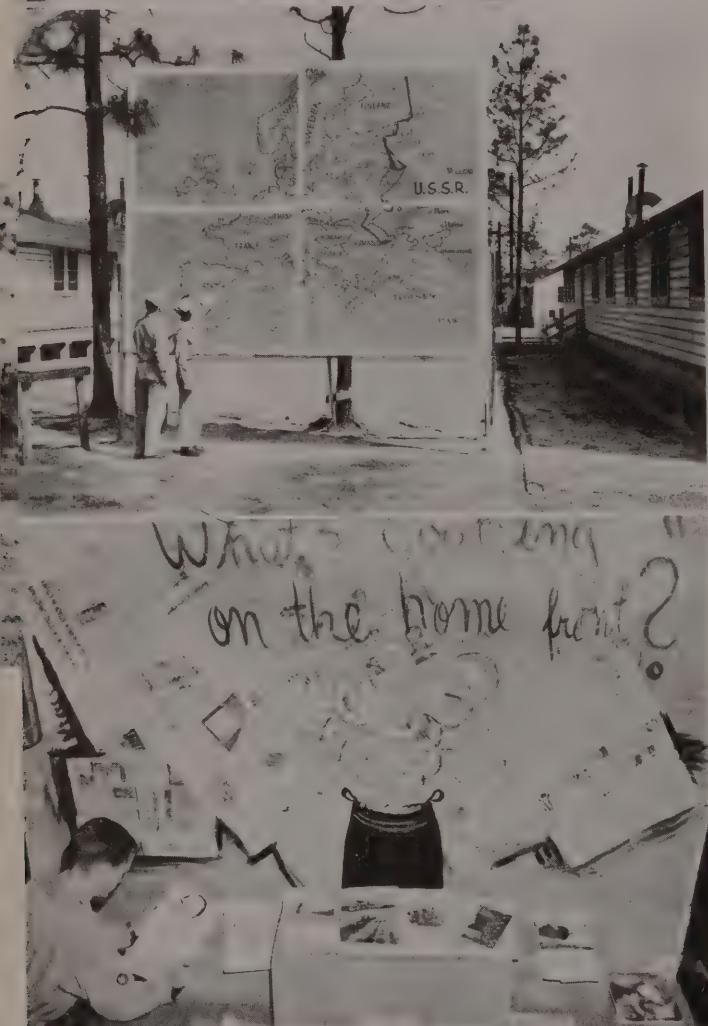


of safeguarding the President of the United States on his way to a goodwill tour of Mexico. In addition to building up our technical knowledge of military equipment and tactics, we had the opportunity to build ourselves physically. Daily we were liberally exposed to calisthenics, foot marches, and obstacle courses. In the summer of 1943 we took the Physical Fitness Tests. Able Battery was chosen to represent the battalion. The men received every known physical and psychological aid as they marched along under the hot South Carolina sun. The Colonel rode up and down the line cheering the men on, and following the column rode a truck loaded with an orchestra which was giving out with lively music. The battery made it intact and was given the afternoon off as a reward. Several days later one of the hottest mornings of the year was selected on which the field events of the physical fitness tests were to be run. Little is remembered of what went on except that everyone seemed to be continually passing out from the intense heat. The tests included crawls, dashes, push-ups, burpees, and other exercises. Riga was congratulated by the General for making such an excellent time in the three hundred yard dash. The final results were very good, and the Horseshoe Battalion showed that it could more than "take it", physically speaking.

The XII Corps AGF test also played an important part in the preparation of the 375th Field Artillery Battalion for combat. Each day for a week we donned field dress, shouldered

Catholic Services with Father Neigle conducting





Top: Airplane Identification

Center: Checking up on the situation

Bottom: Orientation



Basic Training

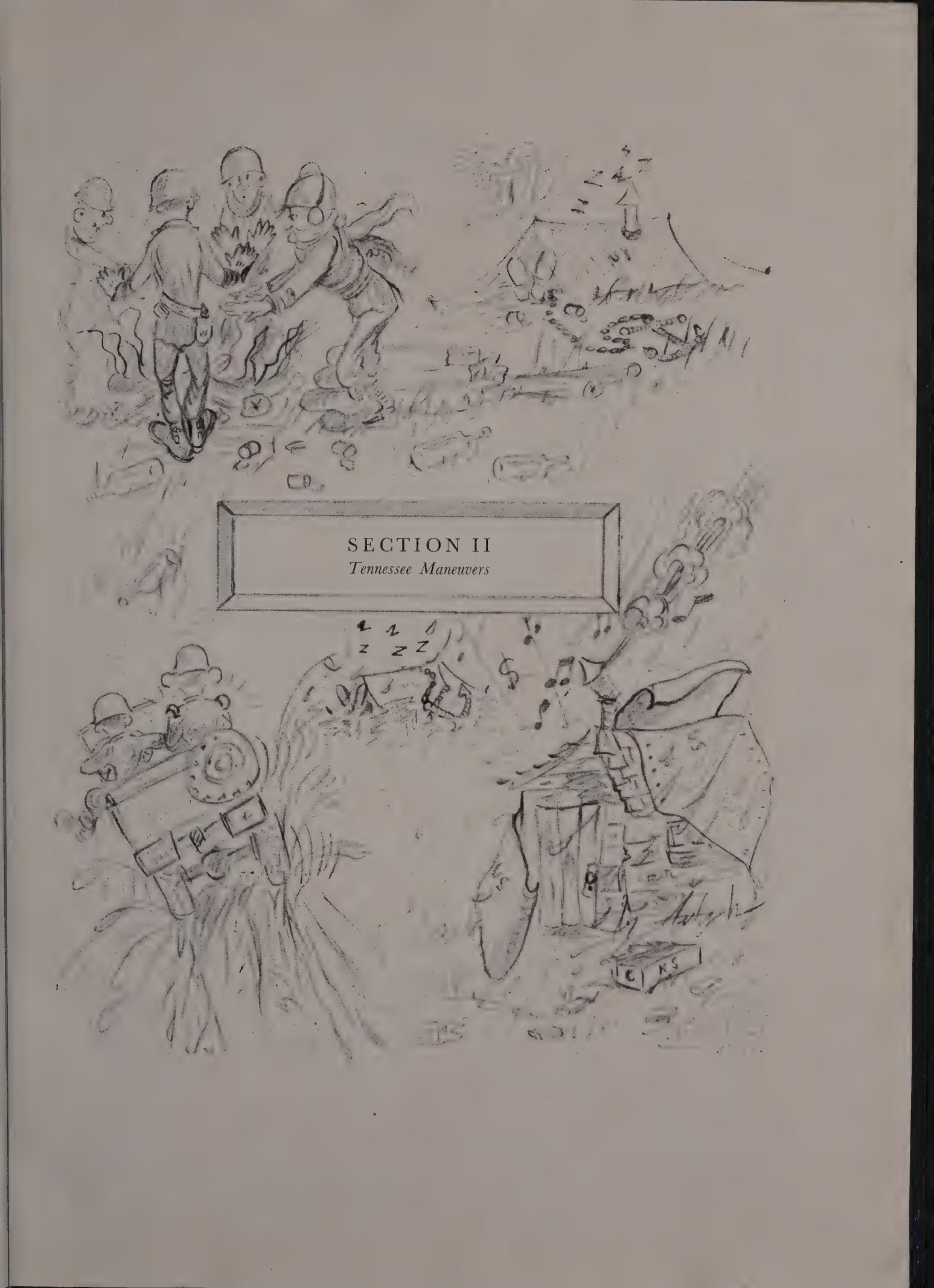
carbines and piled into vehicles. With each battery commander leading his battery, the separate units rolled slowly and carefully into positions from which the setting up of installations was immediately commenced. These exercises and tests gave us a yard stick by which we could measure our abilities and deficiencies.

Soon after this episode we began D-Exercises, and the Horseshoe Battalion had its first opportunity to put recently acquired military knowledge to test. Two weeks were spent in the field camped in pup tents, and this fortnight alone was sufficient to convince us that the sooner the war ended the better. Test firing, wire laying, digging foxholes and use of camouflage were only a few of the things covered. Shaneybrook claimed the title of camouflage expert. He knew camouflage so well he could never be found by his first sergeant. The D-Exercises were the spade work which made maneuvers so successful a few months later.

The remainder of the summer of 1943 passed rapidly. Autumn came to Fort Jackson. In November, after much preparation, the 375th said goodbye to Fort Jackson and together with the rest of the 100th Division we left for Tennessee Maneuvers.

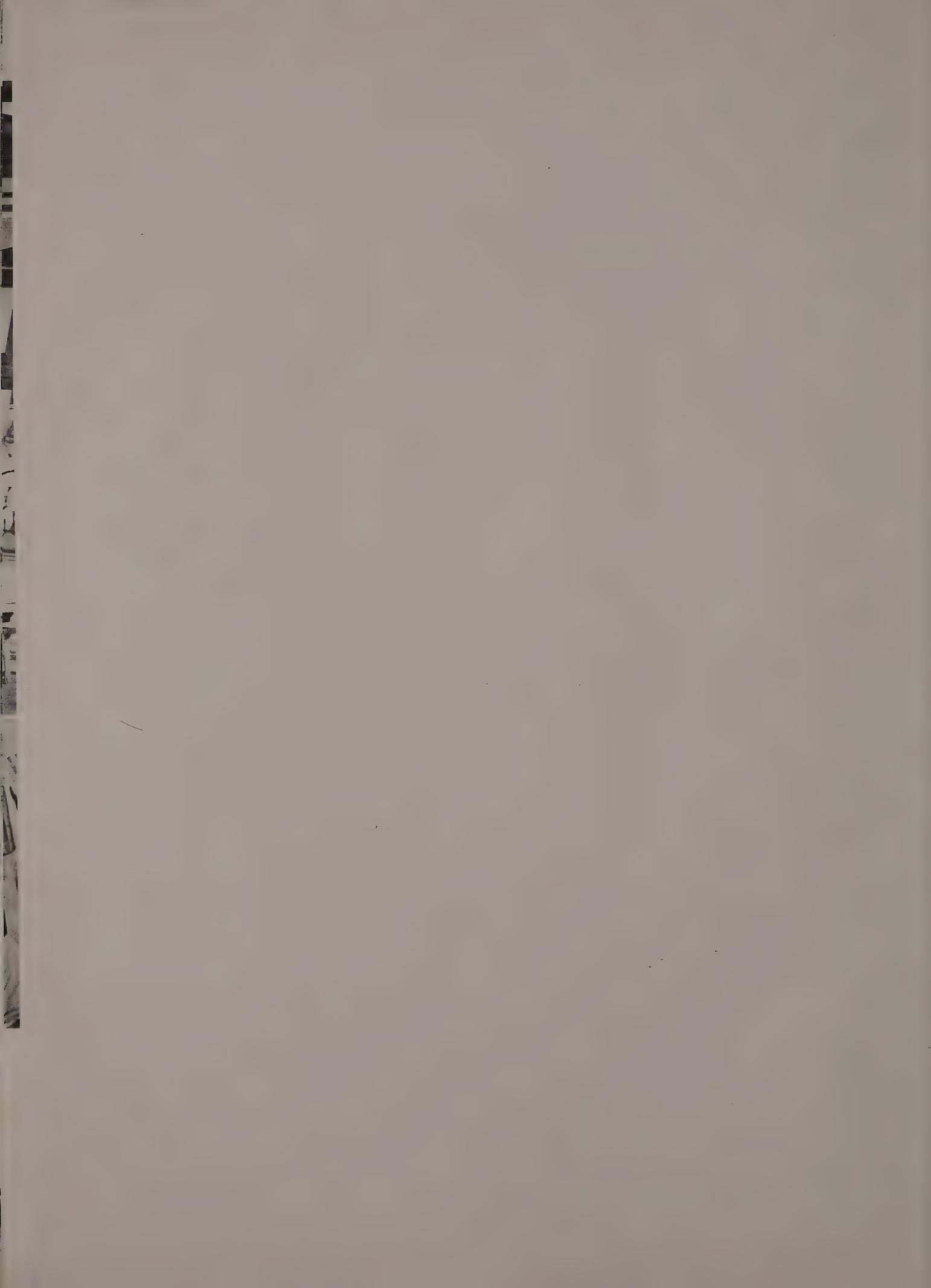
"The flag is down, the targets are up"





SECTION II

Tennessee Maneuvers



*W*ith our basic and early specialist training behind us, we now set out to put our newly acquired military knowledge to test under simulated battle conditions, actual field problems known as maneuvers. The primary mission was to be a sham battle for a period of three months in the hills of Tennessee. After clearing our first Army home, Fort Jackson, South Carolina, the 100th Infantry Division began to roll through Dalton, Gainesville and Athens, Georgia. By the second night we reached Chickamauga Park outside the city of Chatanooga, the site of a former battle of the War Between the States.

The 375th Field soon had its tents lined up in a cow pasture, and in a short time we were ready for our first non-tactical mission, an attack on the WAC Camp at Fort Oglethorpe. It soon appeared that the Amazons had fully expected our arrival for we found a dance in the making accompanied by a numerical superiority of the khaki-clad girls. The party ended only after the WAC M.P., having escorted the male guests to the gate, kissed them all a fond and lingering good night.

The following day the Horseshoe Battalion pulled into an assembly area, Headquarters Battery bivouacing in Gaston, while Service and the firing batteries pitched camp at Lebanon, Tennessee. We immediately started five and ten mile hikes each day in order to get into condition. To top them all we had a twenty-five mile "ranger" march which even the bombastic sergeant major, George Archer, managed to finish. By 16 November the 100th, along with the 87th, 35th Infantry and 14th Armored Divisions was ready to initiate the first winter maneuvers ever held in the Second Army Zone of Tennessee. The Army Commander, Lieutenant General Lloyd Fredendall, a veteran of Kasserine Pass, chose the sides, and the 398th Combat Team, as part of the Century Division, donned the blue arm band of the offensive as the first problem got under way.

Off to a rapid start, the infantry drove a spearhead thrust into the enemy's center. The 375th was laying down supporting fires, and the FDC headed by Captain Edwards, S-3, and Chris Ditzel, chief computer, was pouring out concentrations faster than Ralph Burgess



Robin and LaMere at Home

could plot them. Suddenly the picture changed and counterbattery fire fell among us. Flash warnings had been no sooner sent out to all the batteries when the first wave of enemy infantry infiltrated the battalion area. Bazookamen sprang to their posts while cooks and captains alike seized their weapons. Sergeant "Aggi" (Agglialoro) brought news from his radio that two of Charlie Battery's gun sections had fallen and that their kitchen truck was surrounded. Leo Hansbury and Dick Dries formed a personal body guard for Lieutenant Colonel Yeo as the CP began to displace hastily to the rear. By this time all Forward Observers had lost communication with the battalion and it was impossible to determine either the force or the power of the enemy's drive. Only Service Battery, with First Sergeant Mathew Sablack leading his boys toward Nashville, was still in the field. The remnants of Headquarters had legged it up hilly terrain and through thick underbrush for a mile or so. Hardly had they paused to survey the situation and regroup when a cloud of spray was seen coming out of a mud puddle down the road. A few minutes later an "umpire jeep" came dashing up with the news that the problem was over.

Not long after the first problem the majority of the men celebrated their second Thanksgiving in the Army. Charlie Battery set up its kitchen in a hog pen and served out an excellent dinner. Music, or its likeness therof, was rendered by Atigian who sang such appropriate tunes as "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning". It was also about this time that Lieutenant Tracy, who was camped close to the hog pen, returned to find newcomers Hagman and Hill finishing off a brandy-flavored fruit cake which he had left in his tent. In Able Battery Captain Barrett's boys were up to their knees in both mud and fun. "Irish" Berk took an unexpected short cut to the chow line and plunged headlong into the garbage hole, coming out with the name of "Sump-Hole" Berk. Not wishing to cast any asperion on Mac's playing ability, a few light sleepers in the battery who decided they could do without a trumpet rhapsody in the early morning "lost" McBride's bugle in the wilds of Tennessee. A rollicking beer and coke party topped off the holiday in true "Turkeyday" style.



Gandhi

Umpire Team, including Reidy, Conti, Kolasa, and Lt. Miller



Baker Battery was led by Captain Staman in those days, and through the rainy, foggy, and mud soaked weeks this BC could be seen speeding over the country in his open command car, map board in hand, garbed in a trench coat, and always standing up with his hands on the windshield. This traditional pose became so familiar to the 398th doughfeet that they nicknamed him "Captain Marvel" of comic book fame. About the greatest hardship we endured during maneuvers was the excessive rainfall. One could be completely camouflaged in a minute by simply lying down and rolling over once in the mucky grime which some called earth. Johnny Curtin believed he had the answer for protection from this mud, and one day he sported his new rubber boots across an open field. To his dismay he found upon reaching the road that his shoes were as soggy as ever. The suction from the quagmire had pulled off his rubbers which had then sunk completely out of sight.

Weekends always came as a great relief to the grueling grind of maneuvers, and fortunately the old Southern town of Nashville was nearby. Nashville, with its rolling cobblestone streets which often glinted the town's bright lights in the gently falling rain, was trod by dark-haired and vivacious belles and lined with shops advertising "Cuban Rum" and "Rocking Chair" as their wares. Many will remember the "Dollar Dish" at the Maxwell House and the YMCA and the USO where revitalizing and cleansing showers could be found. No Stateside city ever saw as dirty and grubby groups of soldiers as did Nashville when the weekend convoys rolled into town wearing their cargos of rumpled clothed GI's. One such quartet included Krawchuk, Parr, Opuda, and Mulvey of Baker Battery. Their first act as that of almost

Tent City





Gun Position

Cohen, Carr, Corringrato and Higgins to start loading the vehicles. Frequently Coelho, Laneri, or Keegan on machine gun and bazooka outposts narrowly missed being left as the battery pulled out just in time to avoid captured by an onrushing tank attack, or as we hurried to close in on a retreating regiment. Without warning, frozen KP's would be forced to drop their half-peeled potatoes and shove burners and kitchen equipment onto the truck. Twice Able Battery's kitchen truck caught on fire, and the gunners despaired as they saw their vehicle blazing. The plight also of Lieutenants Tracy and Spears who had almost completed an eight mile OP line in the deadly cold only to find themselves captured was not a rosy one. Who could ever forget crossing the durable pontoon bridge over the Cumberland River in blackout only to find the problem finished and that we had to once more backtrack the whole distance to the bivouac area? Perhaps the surest way of knowing that a problem had ended was to see the approach of the doughnut wagon. This popular vendor violated completely seasonal eating habits when he sold pints of ice cream to the hungry boys while snow blanketed the ground.

The natives, although a bit sore at times when they saw our vehicles and howitzers tearing up their fields and knocking over their fruit trees, were very friendly and hospitable toward us. One particular storekeeper made a small fortune when the battalion spent a weekend in a muddy swamp near his general store. Everyone bought a bale of hay to use as bedding and then loaded up on soft drinks, toilet articles, cookies, and much needed artics and rubber boots which were coated with pre-war dust and had apparently been on hand a number of years.

everyone else was to race for the YMCA, fling off their clothes and get into the warm showers. Having thoroughly refreshed themselves, they returned to the locker room and began getting dressed. Much to his surprise and consternation Krawchuk could not locate his pants. The dressing room and all quarters in the building were searched, but there was no trace of the elongated trousers. It looked very much as if the big boy would be left AWOL in the shower room, but after seemingly endless hustling and hunting his comrades managed to dig up a tightfitting but understandable pair of pants for the long-legged Krawchuk, and the boys went out to enjoy the final two hours of the evening before the trucks returned to camp. No one will ever forget those icy whirling rides back with "Demon" Camp setting the convoy a dizzy pace, but always returning his boys in one piece.

With the dawning of each Monday a new problem commenced. Often the 375th would be placed on the defensive or "red side". This was a welcome break for it meant less moving. The speed with which the batteries moved was quite amazing. The first official sign of movement which could be seen was the lowering of the CP and FDC tents in Headquarters Battery. Sergeant Aggie's "Let's get scratching!" was the signal for the "eager beavers",

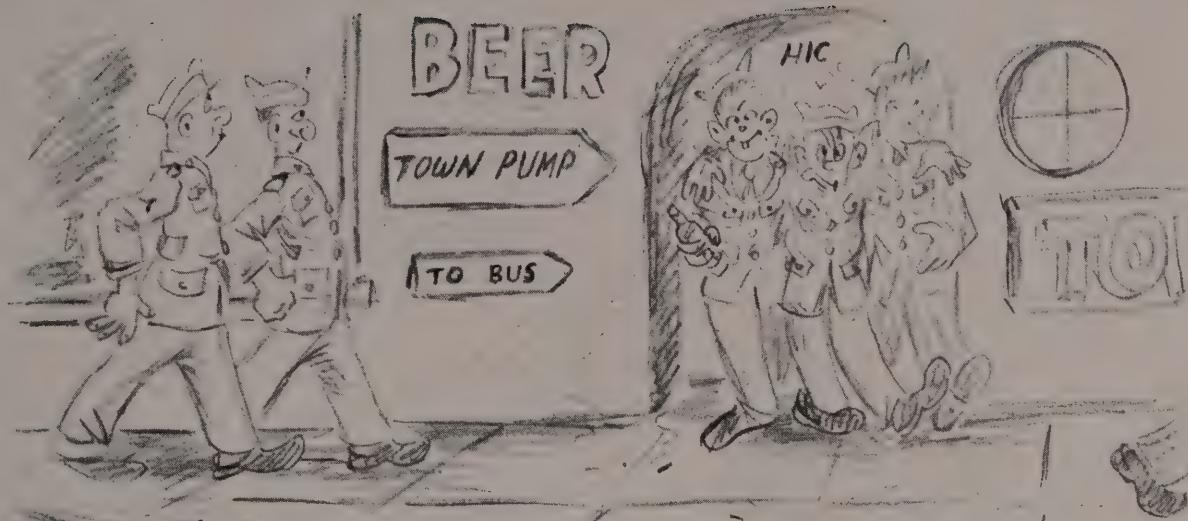
Camouflage



Christmas finally arrived and again we were away from home. There was no snow to sleigh on that day for Santa, but instead there was heavy cold rain falling. Nevertheless, Caesar Bonet of Baker Battery, Paquin of Headquarters, and Desmarais of Service all did a wonderful job of preparing our Christmas dinner complete with all of the fixings. Our only consolation was the mailman who came through with a massive amount of mail leaving us all boxes of food, candy, socks and perhaps a wrist name band which was quite the rage that year. To close the day we sat around huge bonfires, recalling brighter memories, listening to the radio, singing and drinking beer.

There were only several weeks of maneuvers left after Christmas and we went to work knowing there wasn't much more to undergo. We were resolved to make a good record for ourselves. New Year's Eve came and went. It was the "Caisson Song" rather than "Auld Lang Syne" which was popular that year. With the middle of January the maneuver phase of our job was done. We found we had done well—the experts told us we had come in second to only one other division in the history of previous maneuvers. The Horseshoe Battalion received a rating of "Excellent" and we felt we were more than half-way ready for the great task ahead. For the most part this had been battle with the elements of nature. Rain, cold, mud, snow, dampness and sheer exhaustion were our primary physical enemies. Our work had been to cement the knowledge of our skills and jobs with practical use, and at the same time to learn how to fight the rigors of hard outdoor life under combat conditions. We had succeeded well in both tasks, and officers and men felt confident of their ability to better the enemy in combat as they bade farewell to the hill land of Tennessee.

Major Renola was now commanding as the battalion broke camp and hit the road on 15 January. The first night we pulled off the highway just outside the small town of Newport, Tennessee. We pitched tents along a battery street while civilians got out of their cars and watched. The following day we crossed the Great Smokies, passing through Knoxville and stopping for the night at King's Mountain, North Carolina. The young ladies of the town must have had advance word of our coming, for they gave us a wonderful dance and party as many of the men can well testify. The afternoon of the third day found the 375th enjoying its new barracks with soft beds and hot water at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.



SECTION III
Fort Bragg





During the Tennessee maneuvers there were rumors that the 100th Division was going to participate in the mountain maneuvers in West Virginia, but to prove that rumors aren't always true we arrived in Fort Bragg, N.C. on the 23rd of January 1944, after a three-day trip. Even though we had not forgotten Moody's dear old state of Tennessee and its mud and rain, we had traded pup tents for barracks, our slit trenches for toilets and our sponge baths from steel helmets for showers and sinks. What was this strange method of living with beds and mattresses? We were amazed to find that the barracks could be heated. It was almost like coming home. The beds felt as if they were Simmons mattresses that first night as everyone enjoyed a good sleep for the first time in over two months.

For almost one month we scraped and washed and cleaned as we attempted to lose all traces of the past two months. Care and maintenance accompanied by inspections occupied most of our time. To celebrate the end of this last ordeal Charlie Battery threw a beer party in their mess hall. The party ended in high spirits. Its result fell on the cooks, Fracol, Reidy, Bondy, Sofer and Weems, as some of their comrades turned their beds upside down and upset their lockers. Just before we finished our month of care and maintenance, furlough started again and everyone began to sweat out his turn as usual. Before it was all over, we had all received our second furlough.

Boynton, Wolfe, Spears, Murphy, Quist, Grazier, Feeney, and Conroy, from left to right



Headquarters Battery Party





Col. Renola conducts a class in firing

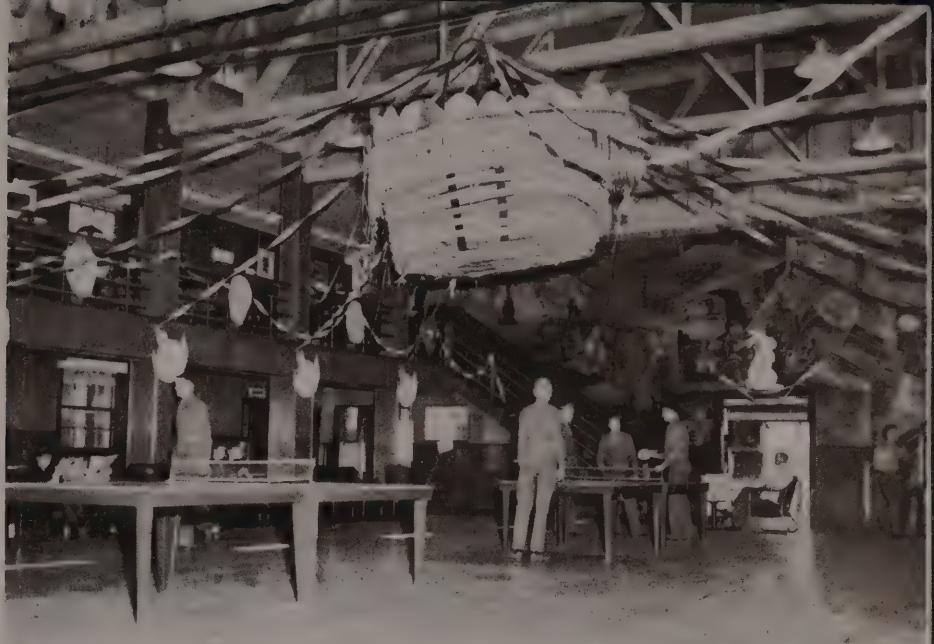


*S-3 section with
Sgt. Burgess,
Capt. Hines,
and Pfc. L'Amraux
computing the data*



On the Way

Easter Decorations at the Service Club



*Salute to Under Secretary
of War Patterson*



*Divisional Review
for Under Secretary
of War Patterson*



"An Oscar for Minerva"—the First Sgt. pulls her rank



Catching the Scene—Stateside WAC's Quarters



Getting Acquainted



The Grand Finale—"An Oscar for Minerva"



Service Practice



Demonstration at Gaddy's Mountain

Our training at Fort Bragg consisted of unit exercises and many service practices near Longstreet and Mc Kellar Roads, the purpose of which was to develop teamwork and coordination in our 398th Combat Team and also within the Battalion itself. Besides these service practices we had the usual lectures, demonstrations, movies, and inspections. The men of Baker Battery will never forget the problem during which Captain Kummer asked Carl Bolognino if he knew where dugout number six was and if he could lead him there. Carl replied that he could take him there if the Captain would direct him on the way. Little did we realize that we were polishing off our training for the forthcoming trip to the ETO. After a number of preliminary problems and several dry-runs the battalion took the XIIIth Corps tests. The 375th's 85.6 average on the tests was one of the highest ever recorded in the Army.

The day after Lt. Nemnich joined the 375th Artillery Battalion, March 2nd, the 100th Division was visited by the Under Secretary of War, Robert Patterson. At this time all units of the division joined together to put on an exceptional demonstration of firing. He was especially impressed by the devastating effect of our murderous time fire battalion concentrations.

Towards the last of March a number of men from the Battalion packed their bags and ventured into the new territory of Fort Fisher on the North Carolina coast. There they spent one week firing .50 caliber machine guns at aerial and ground targets. Fort Fisher was one of the most heavily camouflaged posts we had yet seen. All buildings were painted uneven mixtures of green and brown, and were almost completely shrouded with dense over-hanging



The Col. critiques at service practice



Lt. Minton exec's with Feeney on the phone and Conroy recording

"Dead" from Booby-traps



Decontamination





100th Division Band passes in review before "The Little Flower" in New York City

trees and scrub. Dugouts and ack-ack emplacements in the vicinity showed that the Army had not been unconcerned over Fort Fisher's safety.

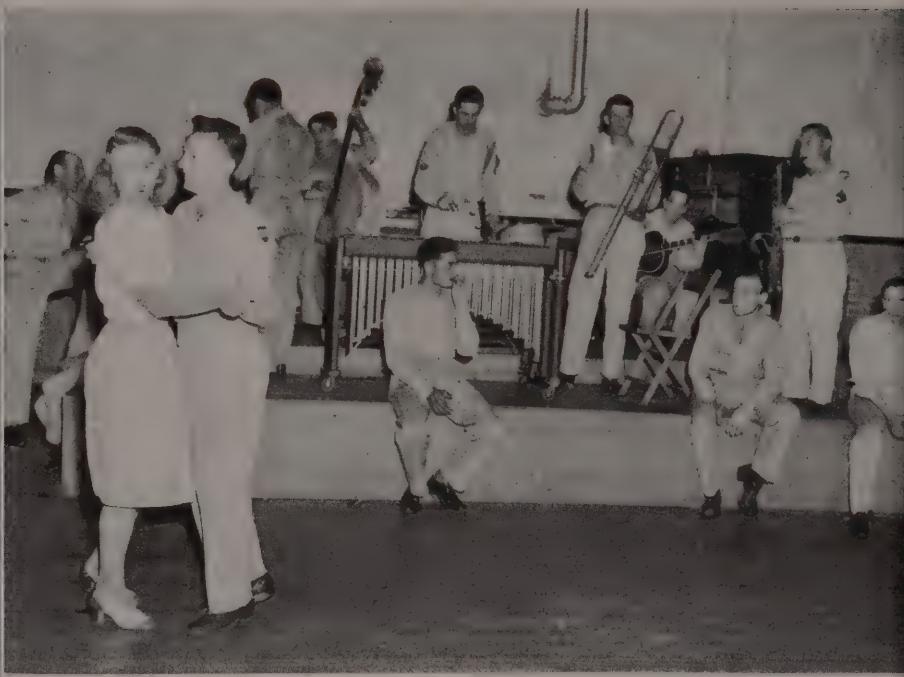
Soon the Century Division was again called upon to play host to an important figure when the Chief of the Army Ground Forces, Lt. General Leslie McNair visited us on a tour of inspection. At this time the division paid tribute to one of the greatest men of our time by holding a formal review in his honor. After the review General McNair visited a few of the units and talked with some of the men. From all the comments that he passed he must have evidently been favorably impressed with the 100th Division. Still, many of us wondered if we would ever get a crack at the Hun.

Our training that followed consisted of many service practices and night problems. "Skin" Calandro will never forget the night problem during which he was left "holding the bag". The Battery had moved into position and Calandro had taken his usual place on the flank with his machine gun to be a part of the battery's flank security. As the night went on the problem progressed and drew to a close with the familiar "March Order!" We moved back into camp. Everyone thought that "Skin" had boarded another truck to ride back to camp, and so thought nothing of his absence. The next morning "Skin" woke up to find much to his surprise that he was alone and that the battery had long since gone back to camp.

When a large group of War Correspondents visited the Centurymen on the eighteenth of April, the individual units of the division again joined together to give another very effective demonstration of firing. Again the Infantrymen showed the fire power of their weapons, and the coordination between the infantry and artillery in the attack was letter perfect. A large

Country boys in the "Big Town"





Saturday Night Dance

USO Miss



Stateside Shindig

My, My, North Carolina Pulchritude





General Burress Welcomes Correspondents



*Audience on Gaddy's Mountain at demonstration
for Allied Correspondents*



*Soldiers for a day; North Carolina
Industrialists with General Miller*



The Colors Pass in Review



Colors on the 4th of July

Infantry-artillery-tank exercises





Where Do We Go From Here????

group of North and South Carolina industrialists also attended this demonstration. The most monotonous part of these problems was not "Battery Adjust! Shell HE! Charge V!", but "Keep digging those foxholes!" and "Camouflage!" Those latter two commands, however, proved their worth in combat days ahead.

A week later the physical fitness tests rolled around again. This time Hq. Battery was chosen to represent the Battalion and came through with the impressive score of 92 percent. The temperature was just about as high. Most men came through the 300 yard dash, 50 yard pig-a-back, 30 push-ups, and burpees in good shape; and after Jeber and Hemmerley had given each man a head-dip in a can of ice water, they felt even better. There was still the five mile speed march to be reeled off in less than an hour with a light pack and rifles on our backs. This march really proved to be an ordeal, and many a man seriously considered the idea of dropping to the roadside, which at that time would have felt like the softest bed in the world. But somehow each one figured that if the guy in front could keep going he could too. Thus battered and beaten, and at least five pounds lighter, a weary but plucky Battery of men rounded the last turn and swept across the finish line on the drill field. The half day off filled with PX delights was almost worth it.

Towards the middle of May we began to meet various POM (Preparation for Overseas Movement) requirements. As Maynard began to draw up his POM chart to keep the individual records and progress of the men of Hq. Battery, little did he realize that he would see this chart thrown into a fire to be burned before going overseas. We can't all be lucky, but some always light on a mattress when they fall out of a top bunk. During the Fifth War Loan drive a New York Battalion was formed at Camp Shanks, New York, for the purpose of parading Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, and several men from the Battalion were sent up. It proved to be a vacation for them.

Who could think of anything better than a week at the beach as a civilian? Even as a soldier it doesn't sound like such a bad idea. On June 11th the 375th Field Artillery Battalion formed a large convoy and moved to Windy Hill, South Carolina, just outside of Myrtle Beach. Aside from a few mosquito and chigger bites everyone had a great time soaking up the sun and salt water. Our feet fairly blistered the sand, or vice versa, during a modified track meet. Captain Robnett and Lt. Stein took great pleasure in showing us how to push the

Final Pass—Railroad Station, Fayetteville, North Carolina

Last Telephone Calls from the Service Club



heavy medicine balls with our heads. There was a relay race, the likes of which Myrtle Beach had never seen before. While strolling through the amusement pavilion in town one evening we were forced to blink twice as we saw Lts. Jones, Planto and Watts whirling around in the ferris wheel letting out Texas war-whoops.

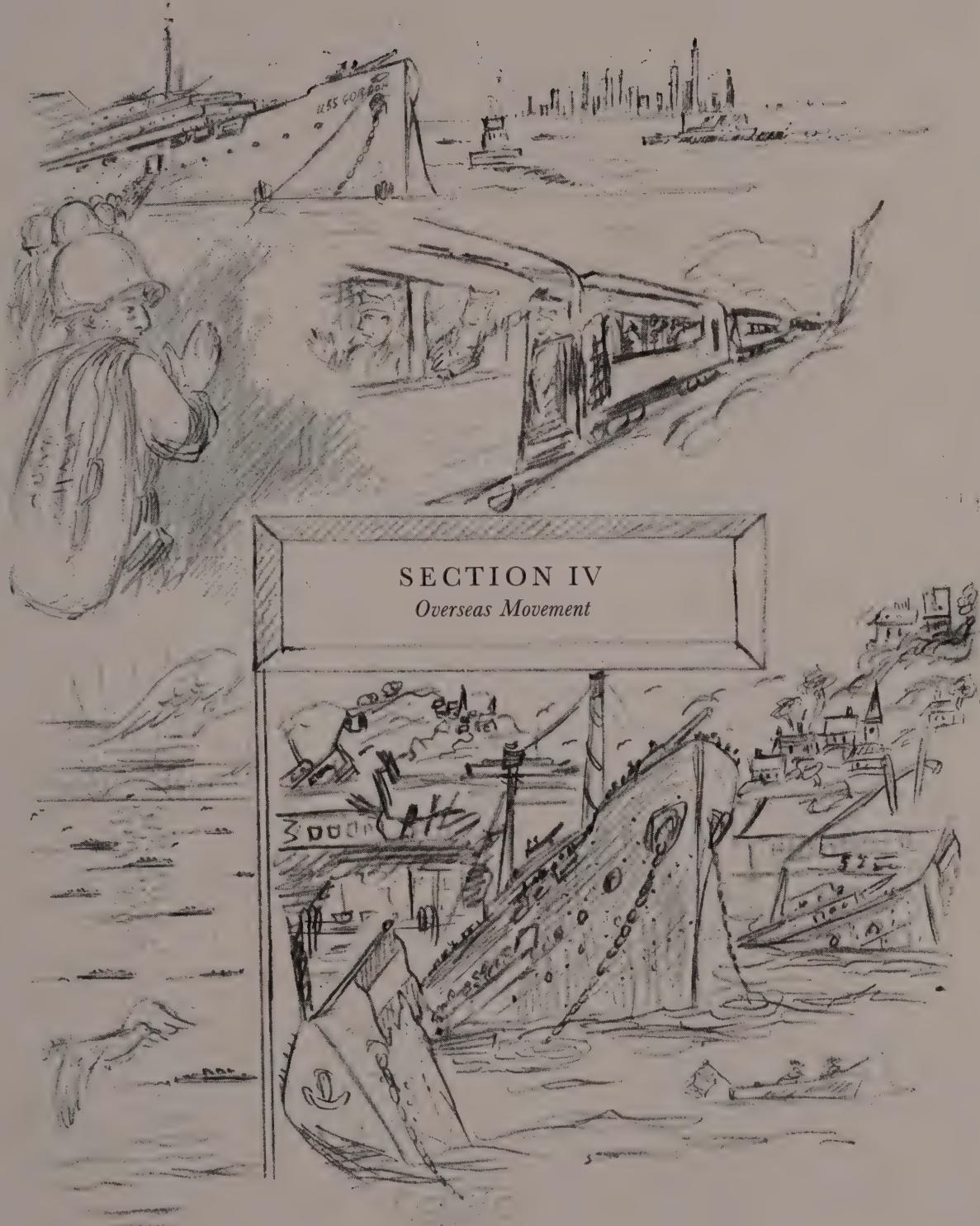
Johnny Wolfe, Johnny Mulvey, Chris Loglia and a couple of other men in the Battalion acted as life guards on the beach and really took life easy. All got beautiful tans, including Wolfe whose tan peeled leaving the skin underneath a deep red. When we left the beach Johnny was quite a sight with his skin half tan and half red. While at the beach Charlie Battery took a night off from the usual trio into town and threw one of its famous "beer parties". The boys finally ended up in a snake dance through the other battery areas. After a week of sunshine and rest we packed up and went back to Fort Bragg. For some reason Fayetteville seemed dead and short of women after this excursion.

During the first week of August, Tony Rizzo and Bernard Winton, took a trip to Philadelphia to help out in the trolley strike which was on in Philadelphia at this time. They spent seven days in the big city, but there was quite a lot of hard work to be done. So it wasn't all vacation for them. Also at this time we completed our Combat Team exercises and began a special series of tank, infantry and artillery problems. After three days of these problems everything was called suddenly to a halt. Some of the rumors which had been going around for the past month began to shape up. We were going overseas!

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Hot as a fire cracker that has been lit on both ends!" Those were the words of Lt. Col. Renola at a battalion meeting held on the drill field about the first of August. Thus the faint rumblings and whispers which had begun over a year ago now rose to the surface and would break officially in a few days. A week later Maj. Gen. Burress called the entire division together on the 398th drill field. "I am happy to announce to you that the 100th Division will soon go overseas", he declared.

The alert was now official and any doubt which had previously been in our minds was now discarded. The battalion had to make the best use of the short time remaining to them in the States. There were to be few idle moments in the next six weeks. Last minute POM and POE training had to be taken. This included the throwing of fragmentation grenades, seeing innumerable films, passing through the gas chamber and slithering over a last infiltration course. There seemed no end to the physical examinations, dental surveys, immunizations and shots. Line after line we waited in until we were almost goofy from inspections and scrutinizations. A few men were shipped out of the battalion because of age or physical disability, but the vast majority of us were plenty fit for combat and the Army would find a spot for us in their European line-up.

After having completed all training and having received all personnel inoculations, we began to get ready our clothing and equipment. New field jackets and duffle bags made their appearance. Combat boots were talked about for the first time. We received the latest model in carbines, and went through the arduous task of de-cosmolening them, and had the pleasant job of test-firing them on the range. "All clothes out on the bunks ready for inspection in ten minutes!" seemed to be the by-word of the 375th. In the morning we marked our equipment one way, then by afternoon the first order was countermanded and we had to remark our clothes another way. The toughest job was crating and loading all sectional equipment. Long after sunset men could be seen lifting huge boxes from the supply rooms, hoisting them on

to the trucks and taking them to the Fort Bragg depot, and finally loading the dead-weight crates into the railway cars.

The time was fast approaching when we would hit the rails and say good-bye to the old fort. But before that event took place the battalion almost to a man, was given a final fling, one of the most sought after prizes in the Army—a three-day pass. New York, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, Columbus and even Chicago were represented in the list of destinations on the pass dockets. Our final three days spent with our wives, sweethearts, families and friends before going overseas were days we will never forget.

Back at Fort Bragg there was not much to do except to go to the movies and to the PX, now that Fayetteville could no longer be visited. Our personal belongings were all packed and the last three meals were eaten at the Reception Center. The first sergeant blew his whistle at 0400 hours and Hq, Able, Baker, Charlie and Service waited in turn for trucks to convoy them to the lengthy chow lines of the FARTC. At 1400 on September 27, 1944 the batteries marched out to the motor park, and sat for the last time on North Carolina sand while they waited for the troop train. Candy bars were passed around and one of the bands struck up a few tunes, the most noted of which was "Old Soldiers Never Die". A few of us slipped off to the PX for a scrumptious chocolate sundae or coke, but we were all ready with our packs on our backs and duffel bags in our hands when 1730 hours rolled around. The train, one of many that had been arriving at the post these past three days, was made up of both the new type Army tripple decker sleeping cars and the old style Pullman which the boys immediately filled and were in the process of admiring when it gave a sudden lurch forward, spat steam and slowly rolled into motion. We stuck our heads out just in time to hear the band blare out with "Over There!" A chill trickled down our spines—we were on the way!

For two days and one night we puffed along at freight train speed. On the evening of the 29th the train pulled into greyish and camouflaged Camp Kilmer, N.J. After dumping our equipment in the assigned barracks we took off for a much-needed meal in the "king-size" mess hall. The next two days were spent in processing, security lectures, more physical inspections, gas mask drills, led by a port of embarkation "show barker", took up the time. We had an abandon ship drill, sliding down the ropes of "old Rock n' Rye" followed by the issuing of water proof shoe packs and sweaters which we were to appreciate later on.

What little time that now remained to us in the States was our own, and it didn't take the Bronxites and Brooklyn boys long to reach home once they caught a train from the New Brunswick station. The gay lights of New York sparkled brightly on the 100th Division men for two nights. Southerners and country lads marveled at the subways and went willingly to the homes of the lucky men who happened to live in the vicinity. Many a toast was drunk before the boys rushed down to the station to catch the last train back to camp.

The morning of October 4th dawned and with the first glimmers of the sun's rays came the dreaded order, "Turn in all blouses!" That meant one thing, there would be no more passes and no more communication with anyone outside the camp. Phone calls were forbidden now also. That afternoon horseshoe packs were rolled again and our helmets chalked with a number designating the order in which we were to board the boat. A short train ride took us to the dock where we were to catch the ferry for Staten Island. We luggered our duffel bags onto the waiting ferry, and sat bunched together on the car deck as the little vessel plowed its way through the water. The Statue of Libery could barely be seen through the dense fog, but we had a lump in our throats as we pulled along side an ocean-going ship lying in the Staten Island pier.

THE BOAT RIDE

In the low-ceilinged hold we were packed densely four men deep measuring from ceiling to floor, using every possible cubic foot of space. After getting settled we went on deck, and explored this new sea-going world. We had access to parts of the ship such as the pilot house and engine room which were later barred to us, and became acquainted with the Coast Guard crew. We learned that this was the second trip the General Gordon had made. On her maiden voyage she had carried elements of the 44th Division, which later supported our left flank at Bitche, to Cherbourg, France. As mess battalion we had boarded the ship two days before sailing, and in this capacity we were to be the hardest working and best fed battalion on the ship.

By the evening of October 5th the boat was fully loaded and on the morning of October 6th we slowly sailed out of New York harbor to meet the other ships in our convoy somewhere off the Atlantic coast. We could see the Lady of Liberty dimly in the mist and then watched the New York sky line fade from view. That morning we found on our bunks little bags from the Red Cross containing a sewing kit, cigarettes, soap and cards which helped us while away the hours. We also received our life belts, which we always wore or had at hand, safety pin flash lights and whistles in the event of any emergency.

On board the ship we became acquainted with a new terminology of starboard, port, bow, stern, topside, hold, bulkhead and fo'c'sle. Several hours later the sea gulls, which had continually hovered overhead, left us. On our third day at sea the Captain spoke to all hands, ship's officers and troops, and gave us some information about the ship and convoy and the news we were waiting for. Our destination was Marseille, France! And a whole host of rumors was laid to rest. The same day French and German guide booklets were issued.

There were sixteen ships making up our convoy: ten troop ships, one aircraft carrier, one destroyer and four destroyer escorts. The troops ships maintained a fixed staggered formation, strung out during the day and closer together during the night while the destroyer escorts, ever on the alert, were continually roving about our flanks. Our ship, the General Gordon, was not only the newest but also the most heavily armed ship in the convoy and probably the fastest, capable of a sustained speed of thirty knots across the Atlantic under normal weather conditions. Above us were the antennae of the radar equipment which were continually rotating, scanning the horizon and the air to warn of the approach of hostile vessels or aircraft. During our occasional warning drills every soldier would be on deck, the coast guard crew would man their guns and the small Marine detachment would man the five-inch guns at the bow and stern.

During the day we were permitted on deck, but at twilight for the major part of the voyage all troops had to go below. Living conditions were very crowded, the ventilation was not good, limited washing facilities were available and only salt water showers were available for the enlisted men, which left many of them feeling sticky afterwards. The days were less boring



Monastery at Marseille harbor entrance



Washday at Septèmes

for the 375th since we had our duties as mess battalion, although some of the boys who were on the pots, pans and cauldrons detail swear that they would rather go through combat than repeat that job. By virtue of our added work we also received three meals a day instead of the two provided for the other troops. On board the boat we had some of the best food ever served to us in the Army. At least we have the consolation of knowing that the Coast Guard and Navy eat well.

The biggest past time during the trip was "wagering" on the roll of dice and the turn of card. At any hour of the day, groups of four and five men crouched Indian fashion could be seen crammed into some slightly open floor space between the hammocks, sweating out "three of a kind" or wondering if they should "take another hit". Some times the bets in the crap games would reach five and six hundred dollars, as every one went all out to make a fortune or lose his shirt. Thirty bucks here or not here didn't make much difference to the passengers on this trip.

Seasickness in the 375th seemed less than in the other units probably due to the fact that we had our work to occupy us and three meals daily in our stomachs. None the less several men were strenuously affected with that "plague". Barnum and Maynard spent over half the voyage in the prone position on their bunks. Capt. Kummer spent all of the voyage in his bunk. Lt. Col. Renola also had his share of ups and downs, and on more than one occasion could be seen "chucking his biscuits" from the bridge. Other groups performed group calisthenics on deck in an attempt to relieve the monotony. There were also movies shown with an antiquated 8 mm projector which exhibited still older films. The movie changed once in about five days to give us all a chance to see it. Just when many of us were beginning to think that we had found our sea legs and had just oriented ourselves to the incessant rocking and rolling we hit the outskirts of a hurricane after about seven days at sea. During the height of the storm the white capped waves broke over the decks making it dangerous to go above.

Tent row, Septèmes bivouac



The ship rolled at a steep angle and we would stagger like drunks, grabbing hold of the installations as we attempted to go from one part of the ship to another. Our ship had a large stabilizing gyroscope which kept our rolling at a minimum. We were fortunate compared to the crews of the escorting destroyers which would disappear from view and then ride high on the crest of the waves, seeming to be tossed about like chips of wood in the angry sea.

At this time seasickness was at its height. Many GI's were to be seen looking green about the gills, unshaven, subsisting on a diet of saltine crackers and lemons. Those of us who were least affected had that dizzy sensation characteristic of a mellow stage of intoxication. In three days the storm had subsided and we continued on in a calm sea under a blue sky. During the hurricane one night we had a near collision with one of our adjacent ships, the USS Monticello, and had displayed our lights to prevent a more disastrous meeting. The convoy had been held almost to a standstill and we were delayed two days on our trip. A real scare was thrown into the minds of the ships captain and senior army officers, when it was known that two German U-boats were lurking a short ways behind. The enemy craft trailed us for two days and then left the troop laden ships as suddenly as they had appeared. Most of the men knew nothing about this near peril until after the voyage was completed; their only cause of suspicions was an extra speedy abandon ship drill about that time.

We were beginning to settle down in our sea-going routine and getting accustomed to this new life. The late afternoon of October 17th we saw land faintly on the horizon, and although there was no one in the crow's nest shouting "Land Ho" we felt all the thrill of a sailor and a little more when land is sighted after a long voyage. Since we were entering a new world and beginning a great adventure, which would end tragically for some, this thrill was beyond expression.

The ship's Captain addressed us again through the public address system telling us that we were about to enter the Mediterranean Sea, and to be especially on the alert, always wearing our life belts, or having it at hand since he had been torpedoed on his last trip through the Mediterranean. The land we saw first was Africa. We passed through the Straits of Gibraltar that day, being able to see both continents at the same time. Tangier on our right and Gibraltar on our left. We hugged the Spanish Moroccan coast line and later passed the French Moroccan cities of Oran and Casablanca. These and other white-walled Moroccan cities which we were never to know held an exotic appeal for us. It was the Mediterranean where we first saw many other strange vessels, dories and small fishing boats of assorted nationalities.

Three days after Africa was first sighted we veered left toward Europe and sighted Marseille, which had been liberated only a short time before. We traveled a circuitous route through the harbor, single file, following a harbor boat which led us safely through the mined waters. We docked at Marseille about noon of October the 20th, two weeks after leaving New York. The bomb-scarred, burnt out docks and depots were our first introduction to war torn Europe. One of the GI's on board tried his struggling French on a man at the dock who drawled back, "Hell man, Ah'm from Georgia!"

We said "good-bye" to some of our Coast Guard friends and also to our bunks, which soon would be traded for the muddy ground. Some of us received smuggled food rations from members of the crew. This food we appreciated later. In a few weeks these sailor boys would be back in the promised land . . . the USA.

We had our last meal on board about eleven in the morning. At five that afternoon carrying a terrific load consisting of everything but our duffel bags, we left the ship. At the dock we met some paratroopers dressed haphazardly and wearing scarfs who were being rede-



Left to right Della Valle, Strozer, Zangari, MacEachren, and Bologna

ployed to the States having after done their share in the great struggle. They called out the names of American cities to us seeking to find some-one from their home town or someone who could give them information about home. Some jeered good naturedly at our clean, relatively well-pressed clothes and what they considered "chicken" as we were marched in formation and were later called to attention while we received our instructions.

We left the docks and were on the streets of Marseille. From now on we were to turn sharply if we heard a woman's voice speak American. On these streets of Marseille we had a first and last impression of the international aspects of war as a conglomeration of troops passed us: first a column of Polish soldiers, then singing Czechs, Aussies and French, and Indian troops followed bearded, turbanned Sikhs.

An artificial fog was laid over the harbor, the equipment being operated by some colored troops. A reconnaissance plane was heard above and flak filled the air. We presented a nice target bunched together as we were. White helmeted negro MP's told automobile drivers and others to put out their lights by firing their carbines over the offenders. The long grueling march through the winding streets to our staging area at Septèmes, only ten miles away is remembered by most of us as the toughest hike in our Army experience. On the way we encountered for the first time kids who asked for gum or cigarettes "pour papa!" During halts some GI's tried their embryonic French on the bystanders. All along we were told that the staging area was "just a little distance ahead". Finally, about 12:45 in the morning, nearly eight hours after we left the ship and fourteen hours since we had last eaten, we arrived at our staging area exhausted. Here we feasted on one of the most delicious repasts we have ever had in the Army, the soon-to-be-hated "K" ration.

Many wanted to go to sleep under the starlit sky in an improvised roll, but we were ordered to pitch tents and told that it might rain that night . . . and it did rain that night, the following night and for many days and nights to come. The next morning we aligned our tents in a more exact "dress right! dress!" formation, dug drainage trenches around our tents and in a few days were to have quite an extensive drainage system in our battalion area. Those who



Kitchen crew Charley Battery serve first hot chow ashore

hadn't dug sufficiently large trenches were nearly washed out of their tents the following morning.

Shortly after we had landed the German intelligence learned of our presence. Berlin Sally welcomed the 100th Division to Europe and expressed concern over the dire winter ahead of us. However, had she had a more seeing crystal ball she would have done more worrying over her beloved Krauts, since we were ardent believers in the Golden Rule and throughout combat gave back much more than we received. This was the third time that the Germans had reported the 100th Division in Europe . . . once in Italy and once in Normandy. This time they were correct.

The first few days at Septèmes we spent in improving the battalion area and on personal care and maintenance. We also had calisthenics and short hikes. Although we were quite busy during our stay at the staging area most of the fellows received short passes to Marseille or Aix. Marseille was a metropolis which showed the effects of five years of occupation. There were many restaurants and cafés without food and large department stores without merchandise. However it was nice to escape from the monotony of our put-tent city.

We had expected to stay weeks at the staging area, but we were informed that military urgency required that we get ready as soon as possible to relieve the battle-weary 45th Division. Three days after we had arrived at Marseille one of the largest convoys ever to come to the ETO docked at Marseille. It contained in its stores our equipment and supplies. Working day and night we unloaded our crated equipment, vehicles, howitzers and the rest. We uncrated the equipment, installed and tested the communication equipment and had everything ready for combat by the deadline of October the 30th.

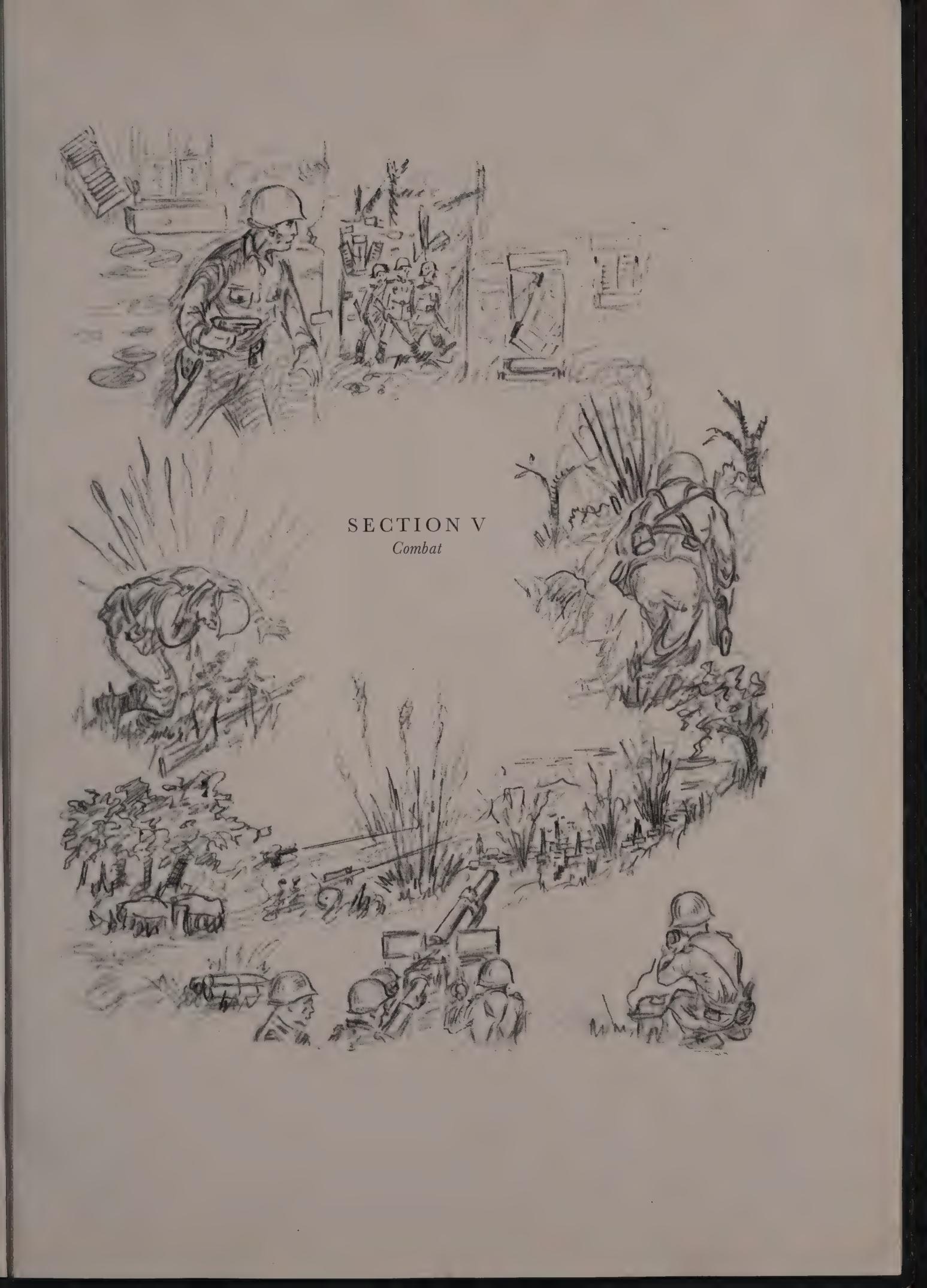
The morning of October 31st we struck our tents, boarded our loaded vehicles, leaving only an irrigation system to show our previous tenancy. We started the long road march North to the Front.

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The image is a collage of black and white sketches depicting various scenes of combat and military life. In the upper left, a soldier in a helmet and jacket is shown in a crouching position, looking through a periscope or binoculars. In the upper center, another soldier is seen through a window, holding a rifle. To the right, a soldier is shown in a field of tall grass, possibly a sniper or scout. In the lower center, a group of soldiers are gathered around a vehicle, possibly a tank or armored personnel carrier. In the lower right, a soldier is sitting on the ground, resting. The overall style is sketchy and dynamic, capturing moments of action and observation.

SECTION V
Combat



Early on the morning of 31 October 1944, the 375th Field Artillery Battalion began its move to combat from the staging area at Septèmes, France. We were ordered to St. Gorgon, France, some 400 miles away, to join the VI Corps and to relieve the battle weary 45th Division. The morale of the men was high, the roads were good and the weather excellent as the Horseshoe Battalion started up the Rhone Valley. Throughout the outfit was a feeling of high expectancy, which was coupled with knowledge of the fact that now only in a matter of days we would be at grips with the enemy. That afternoon we first saw evidences of the terrific loss of material the Kraut had suffered in the face of the advance north of the Seventh Army from the southern shore of France eight weeks before. Both sides of the road were strewn with broken gun carriages, half-tracks, and wagons, all of which had been destroyed by either flights of American P-47's or battalions of American Artillery. At Montelimar a mass of German vehicles parked before a blown bridge four columns deep was caught and totally destroyed. Not until we began our push the following March were we again to see such destruction.

The first night's bivouac was made at Valence, France, within sight of the beautiful snow covered French Alps. There was little firewood to be had, and Coleman stoves were scarce. To make the best of a bad situation. Jacob Silverstein of Baker Battery used the blowtorch from his radio kit to heat his rations! During the night it started to rain again and this time it was not to stop for more than a half a day at a time for several months.

Early on the morning of 1 November we broke camp and began once more to move north. The roads were wet and slippery, and men lying in the rear of cramped and overloaded trucks were cold and uncomfortable. The noon halt was made in the vicinity of Lyons, a beautiful city which had remained untouched by war except for its numerous blown bridges across the Rhone River. At 2105 the Battalion closed into bivouac in the dripping woods of the city park of Dijon. The rain was still coming down with a penetrating thoroughness. That night many of the men slept curled up in various positions in the vehicles, rather than stretch out on the wet ground.

At 0900 of Thursday, 2 November, the Battalion left Dijon and marched all day, with a noon halt in the vicinity of the ancient walled town of Langers. Many of us for the first time were given the opportunity to see a medieval town which with its moat, towers and battlements still existed in this modern era. After the halt, the Battalion Commander's party preceded the Battalion and doubled the column. The bivouac area for the night was established in the Bois de St. Gorgan, about five miles from the front lines. Soft ground caused by the heavy rains made the occupation difficult, and together with the fact that we were undergoing our first blackout march under actual war conditions, it was necessary to spend most of the night getting the vehicles off the road. It was here that we first heard the sound of rumbling artillery in the distance throwing lead at the Kraut, and the skies were momentarily lit with the flash as they fired. Also on this night occurred the most exciting incident of the trip for Service Battery. During the blackout march, five of the vehicles in the Service Battery convoy failed to turn off the road into the St. Gorgan woods and instead continued on into the town of Rambervillers which had just been taken. At the time the drivers realized they had lost the remainder of the convoy, but they believed it was only a question of catching up. In the town itself the vehicles were halted by the infantry just in time to avoid running into an enemy minefield which had not yet been cleared. The town had been cleared of the Germans only that afternoon.

The morning of Friday, 3 November, dawned without rain, and the day was spent in care and maintenance. Maps were drawn from the Engineers and contact was made with Division Artillery and the 398th Combat Team. A group of officers and men from the battalion under Major Barrett, S-3, attended a demonstration by the 45th Division Engineers on the removal of mines and booby traps. All through the day artillery firing could be heard. We also had a very welcome mail call. Final preparations for combat continued the following day.



Charlie Battery — First Section Krauteaters at St. Benoit



Boynton, Rasmussen, Cranmer, Conti, Hill, and Hahn take ten



Redden stirring chow

first round, with the town of Raon L'Etape as the target. The shell was chalked with a "Welcome" for Jerry. Also, for the first time we had the opportunity of living within a house, even if it did lack windows and a good percentage of the roof. Everyone was extremely booby trap and mine conscious at this time, and we were all over careful. No firing missions were received during the day.

Monday, 6 November, was the real start of this Battalion's participation in the war. Liaison officers and six forward observers were sent out to work with those of the 171st for a break-in period. At 1300 the Battalion participated in a ten minute preparation on the town of Thiaville, firing 80 rounds, our first real crack at the Jerries. The Division Chief of Staff and G-1 visited our CP and planned to take over the building for Division when it moved forward. Late in the afternoon two observed missions were fired on enemy troops with good effect. On the 7th the Battalion continued to carry out its mission of reinforcing the fires of the 171st.

The following day, Wednesday, 8 November, the Battalion moved to St. Benoit for closer support. Battery A was split into two platoons, one going with Baker Battery and one with

The Battalion Commander and his party went to the CP of the 171st Field Artillery Battalion at 0800 and then on a reconnaissance for positions in the vicinity of St. Barbe. Wire lines were laid during the evening, and the Battalion Commander returned to the Battalion in the Bois de St. Gorgan. It had again started to rain during the day, and all roads leading into the area were literally knee deep in mud.

The next day, Sunday, 5 November 1944, the Battalion moved by infiltration to positions on the outskirts of St. Barbe. The Command Post was set up in the town. Service Battery was quartered in Rambervillers where it was almost drowned out by several heavy rains. It was on this day that the Horseshoe Battalion fired its first rounds at the Hun. Baker Battery had the honor of firing the first registration, and Scrifignano pulled the lanyard on the



Watch that flush!

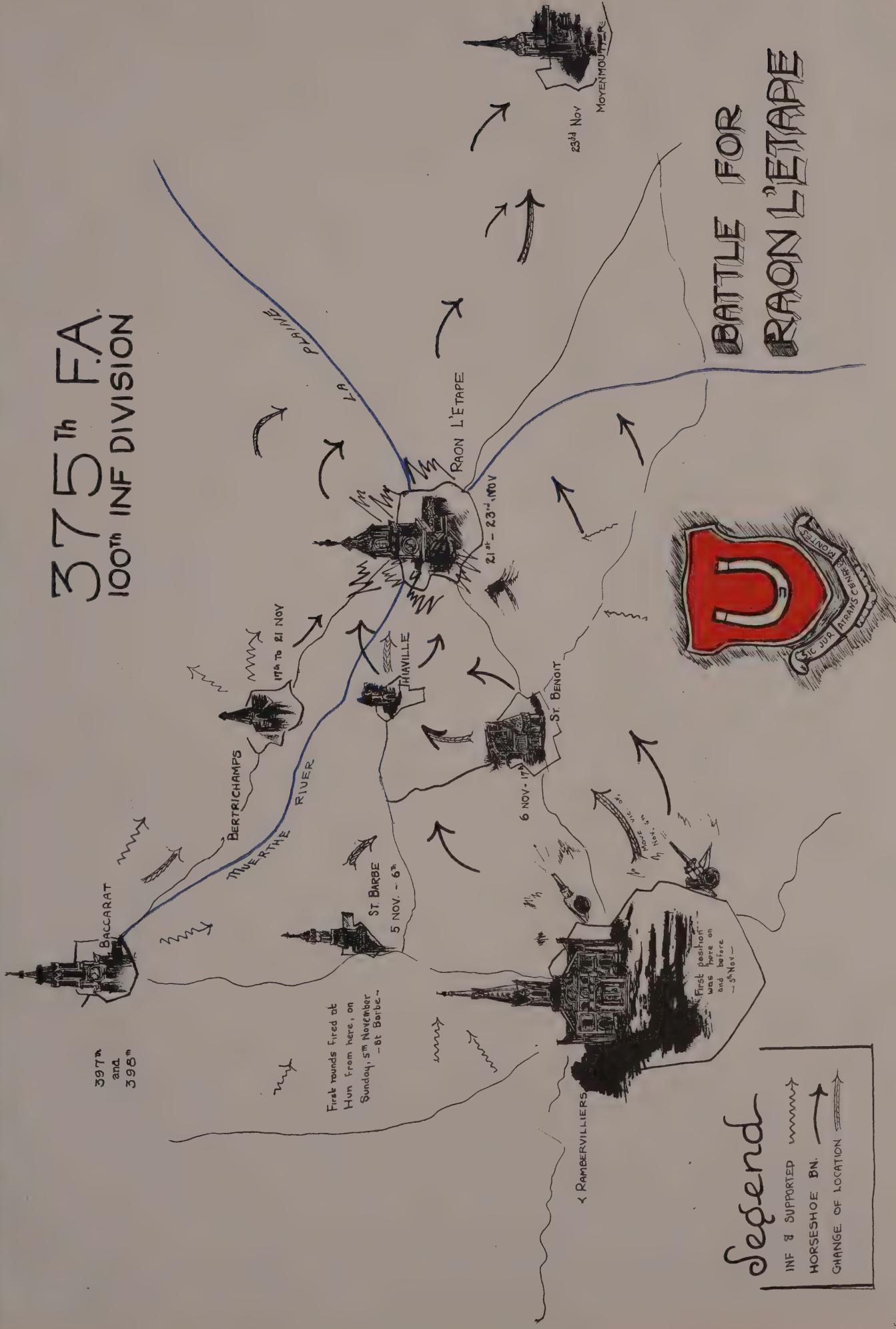
Charlie Battery, to form two six gun batteries because there were only two gun positions available. The third section of Battery C, while being led to its new area, lost the vehicle leading it and continued unknowingly through the front lines to the outskirts of Thiaville. An enemy roadblock was encountered and as the section started to turn around the Germans opened fire with small arms, machine guns and mortars. In spite of the total lack of battle experience and with the opportunity which all may have taken to have found their way to safety, although it would have meant the certain loss of their vehicle and piece, this section stayed and fought back at the Hun. Even after he had been knocked down once, Corporal Robert Ethridge climbed back up to his machine gun and fired as much as he could until finally killed by enemy fire. Sergeant Walsh directed his men as best he could and then when he saw the situation was hopeless, made good his escape carrying one of the wounded two miles through swamp and forest. Corporal Gregory, who was driving the truck, did his utmost to turn around, in the face of the enemy barrage, when he might have made his escape. Here was an example of the magnificent American fighting spirit and fortitude—standing up brilliantly and courageously against odds of fire and manpower which hopelessly outnumbered their own. Corporal John H. Gregory gave his life, as did Private Paul R. Buzzel. For his actions, Ethridge received the first Distinguished Service Cross given in the 100th Division for extraordinary heroism. For their heroic deeds Gregory and Walsh received the Silver Star. Later the 100th Division Rest Center in Sarrebourg named the rest hotel there the Ethridge Hotel for Corporal Ethridge. The vehicle and piece were destroyed and the remaining men escaped and made their way back to our lines or were rescued by aid men of the 398th Infantry, some not turning up until the 9th. These were our first casualties, and together with this news and the misery of the rain and mud our morale hit a new low.

On the 9th the Battalion continued in position in the "soupbowl" as the natural bowl formed by the slopes of several large hills was called by Baker Battery. The mud was so bad that the only method that could be used to get guns into position was by winching them in. Normal firing went on during the day while harassing fires were laid down during the night. The following day news came through that the First Battalion of our Combat Team had pressed forward through Etival, bringing our lines flush on the Meurthe River. It was just north of here that Lt. John R. McCracken, acting as a Forward Observer, was killed by a mine. All day the weather was bad, with a light rain falling.

On Saturday, 11 November, the plans were being made for a flanking attack by the 397th and 399th Infantry Regiments from the vicinity of Baccarat, to seize the high ground north of Raon L'Etape. Corporal Rudolph Kroeger of Baker Battery manned an OP and fired several excellent missions which resulted in the killing of 20 Krauts. Captain Arthur Drew of Able Battery and Staff Sergeant Hathaway went out to take Lt. McCracken's place. The weather turned colder, and sleet and snow fell. The forward observers and their parties were experiencing the hardships of winter fighting, without having blankets or hot food. Their only place to sleep was a cold, wet and very muddy hole.

The following morning at 0900 the attack on the high ground north of Raon L'Etape jumped off. The Horseshoe Battalion fired scheduled fires in support of it throughout the day, giving able assistance to the paddlefeet. In the middle of the afternoon the Third Battalion of the 398th was pulled out of the line and sent to Baccarat as Division Reserve. The sector of the line remaining open was patrolled by the 100th Reconnaissance Troops and Liaison 3 and his Forward Observers remained in position to observe. Snow was still falling and the temperature was continuing to drop. At times the visibility was limited to only a few hundred

375th F.A. 100th INF DIVISION





Objective, Bitche!



"Sons of Bitche"

M-12 ready for attack on Fort Schiesseck





Road to Freudenberg Farm



Musical Interlude at Able Battery



375th Air Force

yards. For the next two days the gun positions remained the same as the infantrymen inched slowly forward. The weather continued stormy and miserable. Because of the numerous hills it was impossible at times to maintain radio communications between the Forward Observers and the guns.

Early on the morning of 16 November the Battalion moved by infiltration to a new area in Bertrichamps. The next day we fired in support of the 398th in its attack from Bertrichamps. The Battalion Commander spent much of his day at the 2nd Battalion CP with the Regimental Commander, firing missions on mortars and machine gun nests. It was also during this period that Walsh and Nersessian of Headquarters Battery maintained a forward relay and switch-board under enemy observation.

On Sunday, 19 November, the Infantry continued to attack against stiff resistance. The 1st and 2nd Battalion crossed the La Plaine River and gained the south slope of the ridge south of Raon Valley, after much nasty fighting in the vicinity of La Trouche. Church services were held in the Chapel at Bertrichamps for Catholics and at the battery positions for Protestants. The following day the infantry continued its slow advance in face of the heavy opposition met along the wooded ridge. Communication became almost impossible because of difficult wire routes and weakening radio batteries. Lt. Nemnich of Charlie Battery was wounded in the face and shoulder. Advancing with the infantry company he was working with, he found himself pinned down by enemy sniper fire. Because he realized that only he knew the source of fire, he stood up and with his .45 pistol fought it out with a Kraut armed with a burp gun. For this heroic action Lt. Nemnich was later awarded the Bronze Star Medal. During the day mortars and machine guns were fired upon and a reconnaissance was made near Raon L'Etape itself, which had that day been taken by our infantry.

On Tuesday the infantry continued its attack south towards Moyenmoutier with little need of artillery. Enemy resistance was now rapidly melting, and the Kraut was again on the run. Word was received at 1300 that the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 398th had obtained their objectives in the vicinity of Moyenmoutier, while the 1st Battalion had been attached to the 399th. At 1400 the battalion started moving forward, Battery C having moved in the morning to take over battalion fires. The CP was located in an apartment house in Raon L'Etape near Division and Division Artillery Headquarters. On Thursday we displaced forward to Moyenmoutier, where we were placed in a group with the 374th FA. That evening Thanksgiving Dinner was served up with all the trimmings, and as usual it rained. By that time we had practically forgotten what the sun looked like.

On Friday, 24 November, the mission of the battalion was changed to general support, reinforcing the 925th FA Bn, and at 0900 the Battalion moved out. Positions were picked in St. Blaise la Roche and we closed in by noon. Germans were still in the vicinity of the town and had only been partially cleaned out the night before. Because of the great speed with which the infantry was moving and its uncertain location, we were unable to do any firing, nor did we do any on Saturday. Instead we again displaced forward, this time



Flak makers



Moody and Garner in their French home



More Sons of Bitche

Lt. Sherman directed one of the howitzers of Baker Battery into position so that it could fire on the house directly. After one or two hits the Jerries quickly gave up the ghost. The Division was also being pulled out of its sector. We remained in Moyenmoutier until about noon Monday when the battalion pulled out under Combat Team control for the Sarrebourg area. Late in the afternoon we pulled into an assembly area at Biberkirch, with the weather clear for a change, but very cold. The next day was spent in the care and maintenance of equipment, and it was here that we were told that we had been placed in XV Corps. Under the control of this Corps we were to fight the now famous campaign for Bitche. Neither that day or the next were we sure exactly what disposal would be made of us, but we were placed on a six hour alert. That day, Wednesday, 29 November, Chaplain Wright visited the Battalion and conducted services. It was also here that the Headquarters kitchen truck, which was loaded with ammunition, caught fire. Ray Camp drove the vehicle out of a flaming barn, after which the fire was doused. He later received the Soldier's Medal for this performance of heroism. During this period classes were held in the attack of fortified positions, anticipating that we would soon come up against the Maginot Line and the West Wall or Siegfried Line. For the first time in a long while many of the men had the opportunity to take showers in tents that had been set up in the town of Sarrebourg.

Early in the cold morning of Saturday, 2 December, the Battalion moved to positions in the vicinity of Bust and later that day to Struth. During the day the doughfeet moved so rapidly that we displaced to the town of Puberg. Defensive and harrassing fires were planned for the

Empty shell cases at Montbronn



The Battle of Bitche

The Battle
of Bitche

375TH

HORSESHOE BN -
CHANGE OF LOCATION -
SUPPORTING TROOPS -

CAMP
DE
BITCHE

MAGINOT LINE

SCHORBACH
17th - 22nd MAR

PETITE REDERCHING
17th DEC - 15th JAN
18th - 23rd JAN
24th - 29th JAN



HOLBACH
A co



BITCHE

COLLEGE
de BITCHE

SIERSTHAL
B co.
23rd DEC - 2nd JAN.

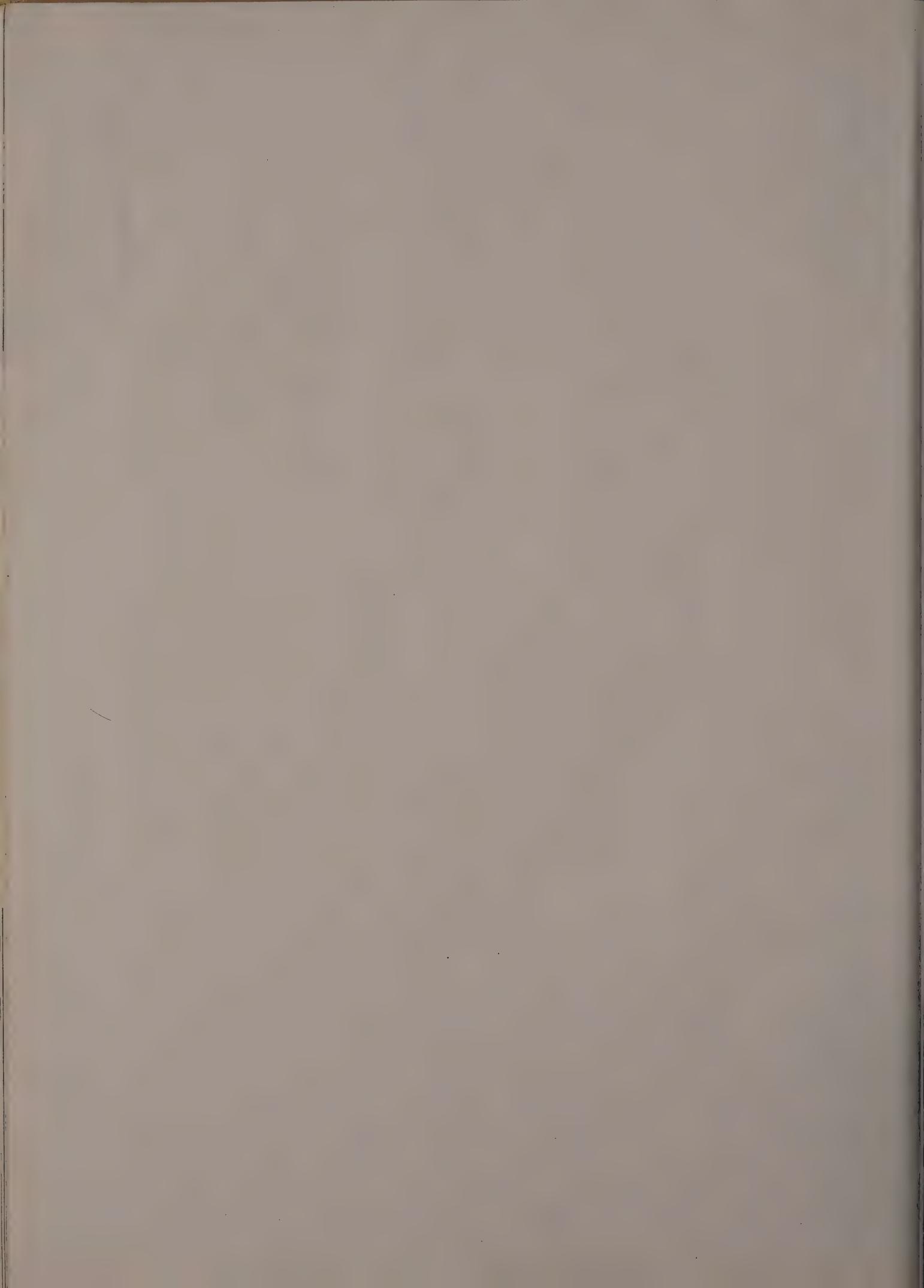


LEMBERG
12th - 22nd DEC



MONTRONN

Three different times, 375
were located at Petit-
Rederching; and to Mont-
bronn twice.
22nd - 25th JAN
29th JAN - 14th MAR



night, and an extensive preparation made up to support the attack of the 1st Battalion 398th Infantry in the morning on Wingen sur Moder. In Puberg we encountered heavy artillery and mortar fire. One night, during an enemy barrage Sergeant Aglialoro of Headquarters Battery managed to get from the second floor of the house he was in to the cellar while still in his sleeping bag! The infantry made rapid headway, with the exception of those at Wingen, where Able Company was not heard from all day after having fought its way into the town late Sunday afternoon. Lt. Nowak and his Forward Observer section were with A Company on this ill-fated day, and nothing had been heard from them. Also with him were Key, Stockmeir and Hathaway of Able Battery. It was later learned they were captured and eventually liberated in the Spring of '45.

On Tuesday a heavy preparation was fired on Wingen and the infantry moved into the town. Fires were also delivered for the 2nd and 3rd Battalions. There was still no word of A Company. Throughout all of this area the Krauts appeared to have pulled back most of their forces, leaving only enough troops for delaying actions. The weather was still dismal—rain with snow and cold. The majority of the supply routes were becoming muddy bogs.

On Wednesday, 6 December, there was little firing, as the 398th did not meet much opposition. We moved up to positions around Sarreinsberg late in the day and there we heard the bad news that Lt. Joseph C. Maroney had been killed by a booby trapped mine near the town of Soucht while acting as a Forward Observer. During that night we caught quite a bit of fire from the Krauts. We prepared preparations which were fired early the next day for the 399th Infantry on the town of Lemberg. In the late afternoon a column of tanks were reported moving southeast from Enchenberg towards our sector, and fire was delivered on the area through which they were passing but because of limited visibility the results could not be observed. The shelling of Sarreinsberg by the Jerries continued intermittently, but without too much affirmative result. During one of the enemy barrages, one of the members of Baker battery distinguished himself. When the enemy started shelling the area. Thomas Owens and the other members of the section took cover behind a nearby stone wall. Striking within a few feet of an ammunition pit, one of the incoming shells set some cases on fire. Disregarding the heavy barrage, Owens jumped up, grabbed a shovel and succeeded in extinguishing the blaze before it spread. By so doing he prevented the destruction of vitally needed ammu-



Saarunion Rest Center



Siersthal



Red Cross girls watch gun section firing



Decorations

Kraut Hunter



nition and withheld the probable infliction of casualties among the members of his battery. For this action he was given the Silver Star.

Early on Friday, 8 December, the 399th made its attack on Lemberg without an artillery preparation. The 398th remained in position. It was on this day that Lt. Allen E. Grubbs, FO with Love Company, was killed at noon by a booby trap east of Lembach. The enemy shelling continued as the weather turned colder, and that night we fired several harrassing fires in support of the 399th Infantry. The following day the 398th shifted slightly for its attack through the 399th Infantry. Six assault guns from the 781st Tank Battalion were attached to our Battalion and formed Battery Dog. It began to snow once more. And so began the fight for Bitche.

The next morning the infantry passed through the 399th as planned and took up the attack. During the night we fired defensive and harrassing fires but remained in position at Sarreinsberg. The 398th continued its attack towards Bitche, and on Tuesday morning the Horseshoe Battalion moved up to Lemberg in order to give better support. Although we did not know it at the time, these positions were as far forward as we would be for a long time to come. It was also the beginning of the three month scrap for Bitche which was to prove a very tough nut to crack. On both Monday, 13 December and Tuesday, 14 December we continued to fire preparations for the 398th as it



Bitche—The strongest point of the Maginot Line

attacked the Maginot Line west of Bitche. The infantry was pinned down early in the assault and waited for tanks to come up, after which they followed the armor. The 375th with the 250th Field Artillery Battalion and reinforced by the 373rd fired missions all morning and kept a heavy barrage in front of the Infantry all afternoon. Two adjustments were fired by 8-inch howitzers on pillboxes from Fort Freudenberg firing at our tanks, which we also closely supported with our guns. The Battalion fired close to 1000 rounds, our heaviest day up to that time. The next day was given over to the artillery alone to pound the Maginot Line, and while we ourselves did little firing our forward observers coordinated the fires on the forts in our sector. Numerous direct hits were made, but one fort, Freudenberg, definitely capitulated. The Air Corps was also called in to assist, and from our gun positions we could see tons of bombs dropping on the enemy strongholds. During the night of Friday, 15 December, we continued the pounding. The next morning an extensive preparation planned for the infantry was called off just before the firing to await a coordinated Corps attack. Fire was kept up on the forts during the day and night, and plans were made for the same preparation to be fired the following day.

Sunday, 17 December dawned clear and warm and the Horseshoe Battalion, supported by other Divisional and Corps Artillery fired the well planned preparation for the infantry prior to its jump-off at 1150. The heavy artillery was adjusted on the larger forts of the Fort Schiesseck group and several direct hits were made but had little visible effect on the pillboxes. Captain Vernon Hines stopped one hydraulic "disappearing" pillbox as



Dummies in Schorbach

Jourdan and his long-lost brother





Pawlusiak—*Ain't he fierce?*



Captain Hines strikes a pose



"Doc" Wilkes

it became exposed, with a well placed shot and then unstuck it as he attempted to destroy his target! The infantry began its attack, a rolling barrage was kept in front of it and by late afternoon three more forts had fallen. Defensive and harassing fires were planned during the night, and preparations were made for a continuation of the attack the next day. The Battalion had fired over 1300 rounds that day, bettering its former record.

Early on the morning of Monday, 18 December, two M-12 guns were taken to the front where they attacked the heavy forts of Schiesseck with direct fire, while harassing fires were delivered on the other forts with medium artillery. A fifteen minute preparation was fired for the infantry which jumped off at 0930. Preceded by a rolling barrage, the doughboys advanced to the crest of Hill 419, which was the first objective. By late afternoon the infantry was well dug in and in possession of the hill except for one fort. Defensive fires were planned and some harassing fires laid down during the night. Captain Hines and Corporal Hagman of Charlie Battery, operating as forward observers, surprised fifteen Germans of an enemy patrol and took them under fire with their own small arms, killing five and causing the others to surrender. During this same period they both crawled to a position in advance of their infantry elements and in an exposed plane under heavy enemy fire, directed artillery fire for twenty four hours. For this action Captain Hines and Corporal Hagman received the Silver Star. At this time it was felt that it would not be long before we would be through the Maginot Line. On the left of our Divisional Sector, the 44th Infantry Division was also having success breaking through. Casualties thus far had remained very light.

The next day, several missions were fired on the enemy and the infantry spent its time

Machine gunner Malinguaggio



consolidating its positions. The 3rd Battalion of the 398th Infantry consolidated on Hill 419 and the 2nd Battalion moved forward and abreast of them to attack Hill 412, the infantry's second objective. Preparations were planned but not needed as on Wednesday the 2nd Battalion took its objective, Hill 412, and the 1st Battalion moved up to connect the 2nd and 3rd Battalions. Some targets of opportunity were fired upon and fire was delivered during the night toward off a counterattack which appeared to originate from the draw running northeast of Fort Schiesseck. The draw was raked by artillery fire intermittently during the night. Preparations were made for displacement to the vicinity of Reyersviller, but were never carried out. At this time the Germans began their great offensive in the north through Belgium, and it was necessary to shift many units from the Seventh and Third Armies. The mission of the 100th Division changed on Thursday, 21 December, and we began to take up defensive positions. Our sector included also that which had formerly been the sector of the 44th Division. Reconnaissance was conducted in the vicinity of Petit Rederching and survey put in. The Battalion smoked Hills 412 and 419 while the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 398th Infantry were pulled out of the line. Defensive fires were planned for the 1st Battalion in that sector. The next day, Friday, 22 December, the Battalion displaced by echelon to new positions in the vicinity of Petit Rederching. Little firing was done, but defensive and harassing fires were planned for the night. On Saturday the Battalion CP again moved, this time to Siersthal, France. From there we were again forced to displace, this time to Guisberg, France. During these few days little firing was done. On Monday, 25 December at 0001, all guns fired one round as a Christmas present for Jerry. Although the day was somewhat broken up by the moves, the batteries were able to serve a Christmas turkey dinner, to the delight of all.

For the next six days, through Sunday 31 December, there was relatively little activity. The infantry adjusted the MLR, put out an outpost line of resistance, and generally prepared

Thank You!

Shades of German defeat—Steve Hotkowski



defensive positions. A few missions were fired each day, either on targets of opportunity or on suspected enemy positions and assembly areas. Nousseviller was harassed with HE, WP and Propaganda shells. Enemy troops were fired upon in Hottviller and Dollenback and also missions were fired on areas in which suspected enemy activity could be heard. Because of lengthened lines and the possibility that we might be forced to withdraw, positions to the rear were reconnoitered. Generally the weather remained clear and cold, occasionally interspersed with falling snow. The front stayed quiet, but there was active patrolling by the infantry. Barbed wire was laid, mines were placed in strategic spots and bridges were prepared with dynamite so that they might be easily destroyed in the event of a withdrawal. The men in the battalion had the opportunity to care for their weapons and to get ready to withstand the rigors of the cold winter which remained ahead of them. On Sunday church services of all faiths were held.

At 0001 on Monday 1 January 1945, a salute to the New Year was fired with one Battalion volley. At about 0200 the enemy began his well known counter offensive on the Seventh Army front with a strong attack on both of our flanks with no artillery preparation. That day the Battalions received fire several times from 210 mm rockets. Fire was brought on the positions of the rocket launchers twice, silencing them temporarily each time. Many observed missions were fired on enemy troops with good results. Battery A was moved to the vicinity of Petit Rederching in the late afternoon, as the enemy closed in on their position. Baker Battery remained in position to ward off any tank attack from the flanks. The enemy had been pushing rapidly south from Bitche towards Lemberg and there was the possibility he might break through. The following day the Battalion CP was also moved to Petit Rederching. During the next fourteen days the enemy reinforced by tanks attacked repeatedly along the entire division front. Though forced to give up a little ground at several places, we always maintained our organization along the extremely wide front. The enemy tried time and time again to break through, and after suffering terrific losses he finally abandoned the counter offensive. For the next few weeks we did little but shoot a few missions each day, and try to keep



Siegfried Line

Evidences of Allied Air Power—Zweibrücken



warm in the intensely cold and bitter weather. The Battalion stayed in Petit Rederching, firing on mortar positions, OP's and small groups of enemy personnel. Many nights we spent in firing harassing missions on Eppingen, Schorbach, and Nouseviller. Many times we fired on the Ormersviller-Eppingen road to prevent its use by enemy troops as a supply route. The men made themselves as comfortable as possible with huts near the gun position which had all the comforts of home—complete with lights, radio, and stoves. One room would be a sleeping room, with a living room attached, complete with pin-ups. Jerry would habitually drop in a few rounds on the gun positions to let it be known that he was still out there. It was here that Crowley was killed by a fragment of a shell while on guard and also that Bondy died as the result of a strafing by enemy planes. Lt. Robinson of Service Battery, upon visiting the Battalion one day is said to have left his jeep for the shelter of a ditch when he heard the chatter of a plane's machine guns. Emerging soaking wet, he found much to his dismay that the planes were two or three miles away.

On Sunday, 21 January, Major General Withers A. Burress, Division Commander, in a ceremony at Division Headquarters, presented the Silver Star to Private Thomas C. Owens of Baker Battery and the Soldiers Medal to Tec 5 Raymond E. Camp. On Monday, Brigadier General Murphy, Division Artillery Commander, presented Bronze Stars to Lt. Colonel Renola, Captain Robnett, Lt. Garlock, and Sergeant Malen of Headquarters Battery. Later that day Lt. Colonel Renola, Battalion Commander, presented Division Commendations to Captain Robnett and Lt. Jones, and Purple Hearts to Lt. Garlock and Corporal Szelagowski, of Headquarters Battery.

From the time that the Battalion moved to Montbronn the last of January until the beginning of the spring offensive on the 15th of March, the battalion was to experience the benefits of static warfare, as well as the monotony and drudgery of life which inevitably accompanies it.

For the first time since the guns of the 375th started firing in combat, they were to remain in one position for an extended period of time. That meant that more elaborate positions could be prepared, better living conditions provided, and in general an easier life for everyone, especially the cannoneers. In the past, hasty positions were necessary, and before too much time was available to improve them, the battalion would move on, hard on the heels of the advancing infantry. Now however, there was time to prepare a position as it should be, and each position was perfection in itself. Bunkers were constructed in front of each piece, camouflage nets were draped in a concealing fashion, and shelters for the gun crew dug close to the guns.

No sooner had shelters been dug than a premature thaw of the deep snow made them uninhabitable. On top of that it began

"Legs" herself!





Marlene Dietrich Show—Neustadt

to rain daily, making a morass of the gun positions and filling the shelters with water. Undaunted, the hardy cannoneers soon had protecting shelters built above the ground. They wouldn't have withstood a direct hit but they gave protection from the rain and snow, and some safety from flying fragments in case of a near miss.

The firing of the battalion was limited to registrations, night harassing, and an occasional observed mission. With each round the wheels and trails sunk deeper and deeper in the soft, muddy ground, so that daily work was to be required to prevent too great a settling of the heavy howitzers.

The communications sections, the CP and FDC groups, the maintenance sections, etc. had almost always been able to live in houses but the cannoneers had been compelled to live in their shelters so that they would be close to their guns, but now half of the crew was able to spend its off-shift in nearby houses. One who has never had to spend endless days out in the open in a cave-like shelter in cold, damp weather cannot realize how much it meant for the cannoneers to be able to sleep in a warm, dry house. The eight man section was broken up into two four man crews, either one of which could handle the normal fire mission of the section. This meant that half of the section was able to spend its time in a warm house for the first time since the 375th went into the line.

Life during the time that we were in Montbronn was as comfortable as one could want within range of enemy guns. There were always three hot meals a day, plenty of time to write letters, and a dry place to lie down in your sleeping bag at night. What more could a front line artilleryman ask of life?

Movies were even made available and each section was allowed to send one or two men a night to the theatre that division artillery had set up in the old city auditorium. The pictures weren't always the latest, the fidelity of the sound system wasn't always the best, but those movies meant a lot to us. They were practically the only entertainment available, with the exception of a few radios and what we could do to entertain ourselves. The theater was always crowded, no matter what the picture. After the movie, some one would start peeling potatoes and soon a pot of French fried potatoes would be sitting on the table in the midst of the stationary, the deck of cards, the steel helmets, and the other articles which used to litter the tables. French fried potatoes will be remembered by everyone in the 375th for many an evening was spent in the preparing of them and they filled our desire for a snack between meals.



Artillery OP on the Rhine

Over the Rhine at last!

Guard was an accepted part of our life in Montbronn. The gunners took their turns on guard at the pieces, the wire section took turns at the switchboard and the other personnel around the batteries would establish outposts along the flanks of the battery positions. The battalion was always on the alert and prepared to deal with any enemy patrol which might slip through the infantry lines. Each guard was a double guard with one man protecting the other. It was good to know that you had a buddy just a few yards away on some of those dark moonless nights. Those two hour guard shifts seemed to go ever so slowly. At night time there was always the rumble of distant artillery, flashes of gunfire along the skyline, the whistle of projectiles passing overhead, and every now and then our own nearby howitzers would fire with a sharp crack. It was easy to imagine all sorts of suspected dangers and ever so easy to forget the pass word and counter-sign, especially when the French were attached to us and our pass word had to be half French, half English, and seemed always to be a tongue twister. During the day machine gunners from the fifth sections stood guard at their machine guns on the alert for enemy planes.

The lines in front of us at Montbronn were well established with neither the Jerries nor us making any attempt at an offensive. Our side of the front line ran just outside of the nearby towns of Lemberg, Gotzenbruck, Sarreinsberg and Siersthal. This meant that our doughboys had the benefit of the houses and their accompanying comforts, while the Jerries were forced to dig-in in the woods and endure the cold and rain all during the winter. Even the forward observers had it relatively easy for a change. Most of the OP's along the regimental front were in houses along the outskirts of the towns or at least the FO was able to leave his OP at night and move back a couple of hundred yards into a house to sleep when it became dark.

Because of the stabilized situation there were few targets of opportunity for the forward observer to request fire on; hence most of the firing of the battalion consisted of registrations, sche-

duled harassing fires and other routine planned fires. It seemed that almost as many rounds of propaganda leaflets as high explosive rounds were fired over the lines. Firing did become heavy on several occasions during the period. On one occasion when the 6th SS Mountain Division opposed us, we received a heavier allotment of ammunition and began a more intensive harassing program in an attempt to soften their positions. On another occasion when it was believed that a relief was taking place in the enemy lines, we fired an intensive harassing program in an attempt to interrupt the movement of the troops and so disrupt the relief.

The monotony of static warfare was broken on the morning of February 10th when a fake attack was staged in an attempt to make the enemy reveal his strength and positions. It all began at five-thirty in the morning when suddenly the battalion guns began to fire a heavy preparation just as if the infantry were going to attack. At the same time the whole front rumbled into action as the doughboy mortar and machine gunners fired as rapidly as they could load. Everything was done to make it appear as if the doughboys were jumping off in a pre-dawn attack. The Jerries, completely fooled, began firing excitedly in an effort to stop what they thought was a full scale attack. However the doughboys were still crouching in their holes and laughing up their sleeves as they carefully noted the location of any enemy activity. The locations were reported to the S-2 sections and the battalion began systematically to place fire on each reported location. The operation was a great success and as a result the guns of the battalion were able to knock out many enemy machine guns, mortars, and artillery pieces.

On the 18th of February, the batteries began going back for a week's period in the rear at Rimsdorf with Service Battery for a materiel check and maintenance period. Baker Battery went back first and after a week's interval it returned and Able Battery went back, followed a week later by Charlie Battery. That week in the rear meant a lot of work on equipment during the daytime but lots of fun and a good time in the evening. Almost every battery found time to have at least one party while they were there. Music was furnished by a small

Aerial view of crossing at Mannheim





What was left in Mannheim



Mannheim again



Remnants of the Panzers



One more river to cross



Doughfeet moving across

Message Center—Vincent and Murphy

group from the divisional band, girls came from the neighboring towns, the cooks furnished sandwiches, cake, and coffee, and by some means drinks were found. The girls didn't understand the American music or way of dancing, but still everyone enjoyed himself and had a good time.

Right after the first of March troops were arriving in our rear, supporting armor moved up, and the heavy guns of the corps artillery were going into position all around us. Rumors were rife as to the day that the long awaited spring offensive was to begin. It was clearly evident that the day could not be too far off. German intelligence must have had some inkling of what was going on as enemy aircraft became more numerous and the battery positions around Montbronn were strafed several times.

On March 12th the battalion began to prepare positions at Holbach, from which the attack could be more effectively supported. The positions were accurately surveyed and then work began. The plan called for the guns to move right into prepared positions just before the attack so that the enemy would be unaware of our move. Single pieces were registered and then returned to Montbronn. Charlie Battery was moved to Holbach the next day and went into position.

Meanwhile back in Montbronn, the remaining guns of the battalion were carrying on with all of the normal fire missions of the battalion. Each gun was firing repeatedly in an attempt to maintain the normal fire power of the battalion and make the Jerries believe that the entire battalion was still in position at Montbronn. Plans were completed to turn over our wire net and other installations to a battalion of the 71st Division which was to relieve us the following morning.

Early on the 14th, the remainder of the battalion displaced to Holbach and went into





Supermen at Baltmannsweiler



"Doc" Wilkes and the Colonel



Courtesy 325th Engineers

the completed positions. At that time the artillery was farther forward than was customary, being on line with the reserve rifle companies of the infantry. This was done so that the initial advance of the infantry would not put the front lines out of range. With the entire battalion now in position, registrations on selected check points were made and large quantities of ammunition were brought up by the ammunition sections from service battery. While the ammunition sections were carrying ammunition to the firing batteries, the remainder of Service Battery moved from Rimsdorf to Guisberg. All along the front plans were being made to launch the division attack early the next morning. Forward observer sections checked their equipment, especially their radios, for wire communications would be difficult to maintain once the attack began. Pre-arranged codes were set up. Nothing was left to chance—new batteries were installed in the telephones and radios, personal weapons were checked for functioning, jeeps were serviced and the sectional equipment loaded. At the same time, the gunners were preparing ammunition, digging in the trails even deeper into the side of the hill, and completely checking the piece itself. The weather remained perfect for the attack; the day was warm and clear, and fair weather was predicted for the immediate future.

Once again the 398th Infantry was to make the main effort to wrest the fortress of Bitche from the enemy. Never before had the city fallen to an attacking foe. In ancient days, the "Citadel", perched on the top of a hill in the center of the city, resisted all attack and in modern times that portion of Maginot Line known as the "Ensemble de Bitche" had proven impregnable. In 1940, the "Ensemble de Bitche" never fell to the German Army. It had proven so strong that the German High Command had ordered their panzer armies to by-pass it and to drive on into the heart of France. Only when the armistice was signed in June of 1940 did the French surrender the system of forts. The "Ensemble de Bitche" had resisted all efforts of the Germans to take it by storm. The city of Bitche sat in a natural bowl at the foot of several high hills which ringed the city. Strong fortifications and pill-boxes dotted these hills, each inter-connecting and mutually supporting. Against these fortifications the 2nd Battalion of the 398th Infantry was to attack at dawn on March 15th, supported by the guns of the 375th Field Artillery Battalion.

At midnight, the entire front began stirring. On our left flank the 45th and 3rd Divisions jumped off under the tremendous artillery barrage and at five o'clock just as it was becoming light, our infantry began moving forward. Initially they began the attack without preparation fires but as soon as the surprise element was lost and the enemy began resisting stubbornly, fire missions from the forward observers accompanying the infantry began pouring into the Fire Direction Center. There the FDC crew converted the sensings of the FO's into firing

*Last row, left to right: Thibeault, Piazza, La Mere, Keyes, Vandermalen
Front row, left to right: Mousseau, Murch, Riley, Jourdan*

*Currie and Mudrick
of Service Battery*





The Colonel supervising the Baltmannsweiler Round-up party



Time out in Baker Battery

data and telephoned it down to the howitzer sections. The cannoneers were loading and firing as rapidly as possible. Thunderous barrages were hurled over the heads of the infantry into the German lines. Enemy troops, vehicles, artillery, and fortified positions were kept under a continuous rain of fire, allowing the doughboys to take Forts Freudenberg and Schiess-eck, and the high ground south of Schorbach. The enemy had numerous 210 mm rocket launchers and used them in an attempt to silence our artillery and halt the advance of the infantry. Most of these were knocked out when the battalion fired concentrations into the woods. By evening enemy resistance was weakening, but still formidable after a day of stubborn fighting. When the infantry was forced to stop and dig-in because of darkness, defensive fires were planned by the battalion in case of counter-attacks during the night.

During the night hundreds of rounds of white phosphorous and high explosive were hurled into the town to disrupt the possible withdrawal of the enemy.

Early the next morning the battalion fired a preparation for the infantry, followed by a rolling barrage. Following close behind the barrage, the infantry soon had overcome Fort

Doughnut Girls



Otterbiel and driven into the city of Bitche itself. As soon as Bitche fell enemy resistance disintegrated and the way was open for our troops to drive on. Tanks and supporting troops poured through the town and out the other side to exploit the breakthrough. Late in the afternoon Camp de Bitche fell to our troops and the rout was on. The "Ensemble de Bitche" strongest system of forts in the Maginot Line, had fallen before our guns. Never before had an invading army taken Bitche by storm, but never before had there been an army like the modern American Army.

By the morning of the 17th the enemy was retreating so swiftly that we had lost contact with him. The 375th Battalion was ordered to move to Schorbach in the late afternoon, where it registered at extreme range. Later that night the 398th Infantry was relieved by elements of the 71st Division and the battalion took up support of that division.

For two days the battalion stayed in firing position in Schorbach ready to fire in support of the 71st Division if it were to become necessary. On the 20th the guns were taken out of position and put in march order so as to be able to move on a short notice, after it had become evident that the precautions were no longer necessary. The Jerries were completely out of range by that time and were still retreating. Until the 22nd the Battalion awaited in Schorbach, resting and cleaning the equipment. The ever-ready Medics even found time to give every man in the battalion another shot for typhus. Even in the middle of battle we found that we were not safe from that hooked needle of the Medics.

Schorbach was the most completely destroyed town we had seen all through France. At one time it had probably been a pretty, pleasant town of comfortable, well built homes, but in 1940, it had been the scene of many bitter battles as the Germans tried to take Bitche. When Bitche finally capitulated, the Germans changed the country around Schorbach into a maneuver area used the town to train the Wehrmacht in street fighting. Now the houses were almost totally destroyed and the only sign native life in the area was an occasional field mouse.

Finally late in the afternoon of the 22nd, the battalion received orders to move to an assembly area at Contwig, Germany. This was the official movement of the "Horseshoe" Battalion into Germany and was made without incident. The vehicles and howitzers of the 375th Battalion rolled through the dragons teeth of the Siegfried Line and by the then deserted and destroyed forts of the once vaunted "West Wall" of Germany. The troops who preceded us had had a few bitter battles but on the whole the Siegfried Line had been but a small obstacle in the path of the on-rushing Seventh Army. When the battalion closed into Contwig late that evening, every man in the outfit was keenly aware that he was on enemy soil and

among a people who were responsible for his being thousands of miles from home; people whose atrocities had outraged and shocked the world. But even at that, the now famous non-fraternizations ruling was to be a trial to friendly, innately kindhearted GI.

The next morning Able Battery was attached to the 1st Battalion of the 398th which was to move as the advance guard of the 398th Combat Team, and moved out before daybreak to join the infantry. Although the battery was prepared to immediately leave the road and go into firing positions anywhere along the route of march, the advance guard passed through Thaleissweiler, Waldfischbach, Bad Dürkheim, and Maxdorf without any opposition. Just outside of Oggersheim, the force halted and made contact with elements of the 12th Armored Division and the 94th Infantry Division which were fighting in Ludwigshafen. The 1st Battalion went into assembly at Oggersheim while Able Battery took up firing positions just west of the town.

From Contwig, the Battalion began one of its longest sustained road marches in combat, traveling almost seventy miles right up to the banks of the Rhine River before meeting any resistance. During that long march the havoc that our air force had rained on the retreating German columns was clearly apparent. Each side of the road was cluttered with the still-smoking, wrecked German vehicles and tanks. The biggest share of the equipment was horse drawn and hundreds of dead horses were still in the traces. The horses, told in part, the story of Germany's fuel shortage and were indicative of the disintegration of the once powerful trucks, howitzers, armored vehicles, prime movers, and heavy guns, and the horse drawn wagons, and ancient trucks of the German Army, were striking. The result was inevitable and couldn't be too far off. Along the road on that motor march we were to encounter something else that was new to us—thousands of bewildered old men and women, and children of all nationalities—French, Polish, Russian, Dutch, Yugoslav, Greek, Belgian—who had been rooted up from their homes years before to slave for the Herrenvolk of Germany. They were the "displaced persons" to whom our coming meant so much. Many of them had just been liberated from concentration camps by the arrival of the American Army and still wore the blue and white striped clothing of the most dreaded concentration camps. There were many groups of Allied soldiers who had been Prisoners of War of the Germans and were now free. They saluted each truck, making no distinction between the officers and the privates; and always with a big grin on their faces.

Losego and Shefield



M-12 Ammunition carrier



This motor march was to take us through the famed Black Forest of Germany and out into the wide plains of the Rhine Valley.

As we traveled down broad highways at normal convoy speed, we could not help but notice the modern houses that lined each side of the road and the high standard of living that was apparent. Many of us were to wonder what had compelled these people to again launch the world into a terrible war of destruction.

The Battalion arrived at its assembly area at Maxdorf late in the afternoon. At Maxdorf we had our first real contact with the German people and found out how much the Germans really loved the Americans and that we must protect them from the terrible French and Russians. There wasn't a Nazi to be found in all Germany; yet when we made surprise entries into their homes we always found pictures of the Führer, all sorts of swastika insignias, evidence of German militarism, loot from all of the conquered countries of Europe, souvenirs of German conquests, and photographic albums glorifying the advance of the German Army across Europe. All of the people were friendly on the surface and were very willing to help us in any way. These were the same people who were responsible for Dachau and Belsen, the same people who had cheered when the Luftwaffe bombed Warsaw without warning. Two days before they were shouting "Heil Hitler", and now they were damning all Nazis.

On the 24th the Battalion moved up to the banks of the Rhine at Limbergerhof and went into position in the vicinity of the Rehhütte. When the battalion registered across the river later in the day, the battalion began a new phase of its combat activities and the final phase of the war. Before long the Rhine River was to be crossed along its entire length.

Ever since the attack began the weather had been in our favor, remaining warm and clear. The clear weather made it possible for us to use our air superiority to a great advantage. P-47 Thunderbolts of the XII Tactical Air Force continually hampered the retreating Wehrmacht with repeated strafing and bombing attacks. The Luftwaffe seemed to be non-existent and made no effort to support their troops.

The Battalion remained in position ready to fire for a couple of days but when it became evident that no firing was going to be required the guns were taken out of position and march ordered. A training schedule of a sort was set up and a lot of time devoted to orientation periods in which the non-fraternization ban and the non-looting ruling were emphasized.

On Saturday the Battalion received orders to move across the Rhine under combat team control. Great care was taken in preparing the plans for the move, as only one bridge crossed the river in that area and a great number of outfits had to use it in order to renew the pursuit of the fleeing Jerries. Each outfit was given a specified time to cross and everything was figured out to the last minute. The "Horseshoe" Battalion moved up to the Rhine at noon and crossed on a narrow pontoon bridge under the cover of an artificial smoke screen laid down over the area. The crossing was made at the site of the old bridge between Ludwigshafen and Mannheim; the old one had been blown up and was no more than a tangled mass of steel and concrete lying in the water. Once on the other side of the Rhine the terrific destruction wrought by our heavy bombers became apparent. Mannheim was the first city that the Battalion had

Lt. Vandeventer—
self explanatory

Rest Center



been through which was large enough to have received massed air attacks and appeared to have been virtually destroyed with only a few buildings in the city still standing.

Later on in the day the mission was changed and the 375th was put in direct support of the 399th Infantry which at that time was driving south along the east bank of the Rhine to meet the French armored column which was coming up from the south. The guns of the Battalion were put in position at Schwetzingen just as it was beginning to get dark and were immediately registered. That was all of the firing that was to be done in that position, for early the next morning the infantry made contact with the French. The entire bank of the Rhine was in our hands and the time was near to begin the final push that would end in victory for our forces. There was still talk of the Nazi's establishing a strong redoubt in the Bavarian Mountains and attempting to hold out there, but no one believed that they would be able to resist for any length of time. The howitzers were coupled to the trucks and everything loaded, ready to move on to the next position. The next obstacle in our path was the Neckar River and the strongly defended city of Heilbronn.

The 375th moved to Eschelbach and then to Rappenau as plans were being completed for the 3rd Battalion to make a crossing of the Neckar River just north of Heilbronn.

The division objective was the historic city of Heilbronn just a few miles distant across the Neckar River. Enemy resistance had been light ever since we had come through Bitche but now it stiffened all of a sudden. The Germans seemed determined to hold Heilbronn at any cost. The city was garrisoned by a large force of SS troops, with plenty of supporting armor and artillery. S-2 reports indicated that the Jerries considered Heilbronn the outer bastion of their hoped for Bavarian redoubt, and had orders to defend it to the last man.

The Battalion finally moved into position in the vicinity of Frankenbach and fired extensively in support of the 3rd Battalion bridgehead at



Woll, third from left, receives "rotation" orders

Colonel Williams, Combat Team Commander takes a look

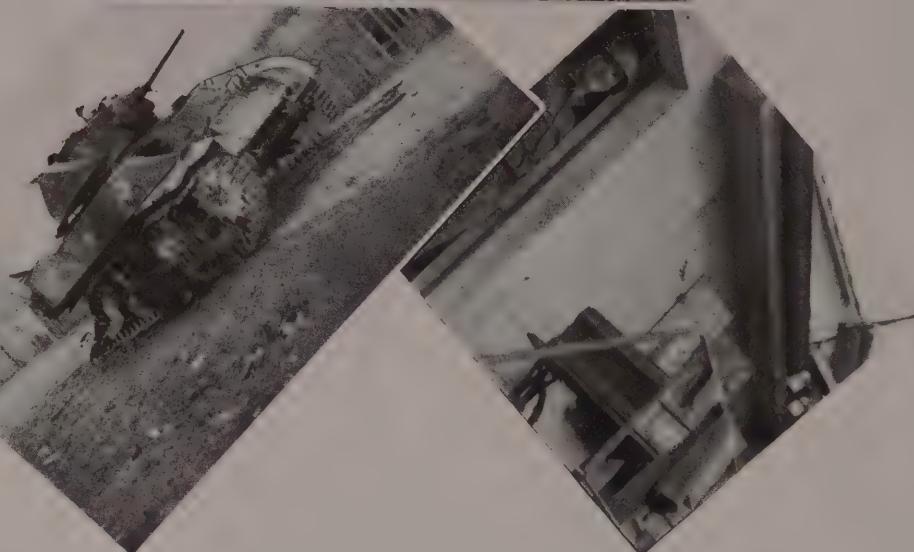




Top: Headquarters Wire Section

Left: A Stuart runs afoul

Right: Major Barrett



Heilbronn. All day long the guns fired salvo after salvo into the city but yet the Jerries resisted, and for perhaps the first time since the 375th went into the line, the Jerries were doing just as much firing as we were. The bridgehead across the river was threatened several times by strong enemy counter-attacks but the hard fighting doughboys were determined to hold it. That night a heavy harassing program was set up and carried out in an effort not to give the Jerries any relief from the pounding they had taken from our guns and to prevent them from moving too freely to more advantageous positions.

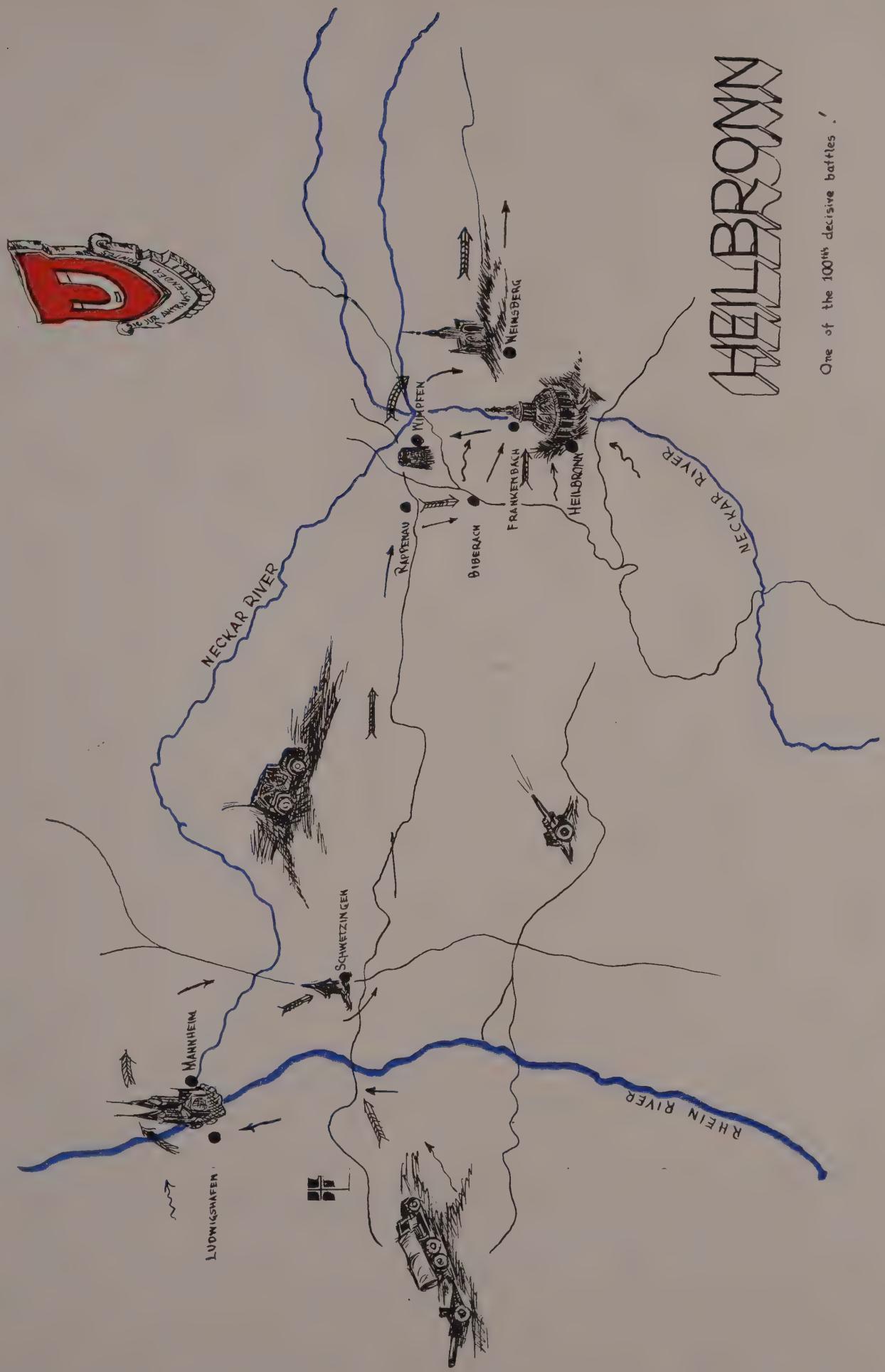
On the following morning the cannoneers moved their howitzers to Bad Wimpfen to more closely support the crossing of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 398th north of Heilbronn in the vicinity of Jagstfeld. The forward observers picked up numerous targets. For the first time the cannoneers could see their rounds landing in the enemy lines. The view from the cliff was reminiscent of the scenes in the field manual for teaching gunnery. Even the German civilians lined the cliff edge, watching the rounds land around their stubbornly resisting army.

For a week after the 5th of April, the guns of the Battalion seemed to never cease firing as every effort was made to soften the enemy's defense as much as possible and make the advance easier for the doughboys out in front of our guns. Observed missions were numerous during the day time and at night a heavy harassing program was carried on. Static OP's were established along the cliff top and proved to be effective in firing on targets in the enemy's rear which were hidden from the forward observers with the infantry companies.

Enemy resistance continued increasing and the lines became stabilized. Young replacements with only a week or two of training continued to arrive to bolster the German defense. Our guns caused large number of casualties among enemy personnel and destroyed much equipment



HEILBRONN



One of the 100th's decisive battles.





Adam



More Supermen

and material. An M-12 self-propelled 155 gun was attached to the battalion and was used for direct fire against enemy strong points in buildings and dugouts.

Finally after a week of continual probing by the infantry and pounding by the artillery, the German lines began to give way and our infantry advanced slowly and took several towns along the Kocher River north of Heilbronn, while in Heilbronn itself our infantry had finally established its beachhead and was continually expanding it house by house, block by block, outfighting the SS, Wehrmacht, and Volkssturm troops as our artillery and dive-bombing Thunderbolts continued to soften enemy defenses in front of them.

All during the attack wire lines had proven difficult to maintain because of the intensive rocket, mortar, and artillery fire which had pounded our lines. Radio was called upon to bear the burden of urgent fire missions coming into the Fire Direction Center from the forward observers.

The Batteries were continually asking for more ammunition from Service Battery. The supply was just merely kept ahead of the demand by the hard pressed ammunition sections of Service Battery. Ever since the attack had begun our advance had been so rapid that as yet no ammunition supply point had been established on the east side of the Rhine River. The nearest ASP was back at Hagenau, France, where the division had first entered combat, two hundred miles away. Day and night the 2½ ton trucks would go roaring back and forth, trying to keep the Batteries supplied with ammo. Life for the truck drivers was just one continual round of drive, to Hagenau, to load the truck to overcapacity return to the Battalion, unload at the guns where the cannoneers were waiting on the ammunition, and drive back to Hagenau for another load. The ammunition sections really earned the respect of the men of the Battalion for the job they did at that time when ammunition was so critical.

After Heilbronn had been wrested from the enemy, the entire division began to advance along a wide front. The 375th maintained its heavy firing on targets south of the Kocher River as our doughboys cleaned the last remaining resistance from the north bank of the river. During the night of the 12th, the cannoneers fired round after round into the German lines to hasten



Bernstein and Souvenirs

their already vanishing resistance, and then in the early morning hours the Battalion laid down a heavy curtain of fire to cover the crossing of the river, and continued to fire as missions came one after the other, calling for fire on strong points of the enemy rear guard action. After the infantry moved out of range through Neckarsulm toward Löwenstein, the guns were taken out of position and put in assembly as the 375th was not given clearance on the bridge over the Neckar at Heilbronn until the following day.

Early on the morning of the 14th the "Horse Shoe" Battalion crossed the Neckar River and went into position at Weinsberg, and then on to Sulzbach in an attempt to keep the fleeing enemy in range.

From that day on, the 375th was to move almost every day in an attempt to keep up with the rapidly advancing forward elements. The caissons were really rolling long at that time for the infantry was motorized and strongly supported by tanks of the 10th Armored Division and TD's of the 781st Tank Destroyer Battalion. By this time the German army was completely routed and our advance was to be determined more by terrain, road blocks, and blown bridges than by active enemy resistance. The battalion went into advance guard formation and Baker Battery was attached as advance guard Battery to the 2nd Battalion of the 398th Infantry Regiment. Baker Battery went into position at Heuberg and fired a rolling barrage as the 2nd Battalion stormed a commanding hill.

When the rest of the Battalion joined Baker Battery later that evening, little firing was done as enemy resistance was light and almost negligible. That was on the 17th and from then on until the Battalion was finally taken off of the line, it was to do very little firing as resistance had disintegrated. The Battalion continued to move almost every day and sometimes twice a day in an attempt to be within range in case the infantry should need artillery support.

The Battalion moved through successive towns and finally on the 22nd moved to Baltmannsweiler and into position ready to fire, but the infantry had already taken its objective on the



Captured SS Troops

Neckar and Fils Rivers. At Baltmannsweiler the artillerymen saw their last action in the ETO and got a taste of what the doughboys go through, when it was found that the town had been completely by-passed by the infantry in their dash to the south. When the reconnaissance party had first entered the town, remnants of the Wehrmacht were surprised and gave up without resistance. Since the town had been by-passed it was very likely that there were other enemy troops in the vicinity as the mission of the battalion was to support the infantry so the guns were readied for action. However before a round was fired the infantry had taken its objective.

Immediately Col. Renola outlined a plan of action to clear the area of enemy troops. Each battery was given a certain area to clear, and combat patrols were sent out into those areas. Enemy personnel were found everywhere; some had even discarded their uniforms and were in civilian clothes. Every soldier in the town surrendered without resistance. No sooner had the town been cleared than it was learned that the road leading into the town had been crossed by intact elements of the German Army. The battalion had been cut off to the rear. A patrol was sent out into the area and soon encountered a defended road-block. A skirmish followed and two of the Jerries were killed and seven taken prisoner before the others fled. The surrounding woods were searched by volunteer patrols and many more prisoners were gathered in. In all, nearly one hundred and fifty prisoners were taken by the battalion during the period. On April the twenty-fourth the battalion was taken out of position and displaced to Rommelshausen for a well deserved rest. The war was to end before the 375th went back into combat again.

The 375th had gone into combat just six months before that time, but during that time they had performed in an efficient and courageous manner. They had 165 days of combat to their credit had fired 43,026 rounds into the enemy ranks, had destroyed untold numbers of enemy equipment, and made the advance of our infantry a whole lot easier. During the period, the members of the 375th Battalion had earned 191 awards for heroic, meritorious and courageous action in combat against the enemy. The 375th had a record that it could well be proud of, and the members of the battalion took their howitzers out of position at Baltmannsweiler for the final time with the knowledge that they had done a good job.







SECTION VI
Occupation





The first week of May was alive with rumors of peace negotiations via the air waves and "The Stars and Stripes". On May 7th we were confidentially told by our officers that hostilities would officially cease at midnight on May 8th and so the actual end of the war came somewhat as an anti-climax. Our situation was not altered and the element of surprise was absent. However, some of us became dutifully drunk that evening on wine and schnapps to celebrate the end of the war; but the sobering thought hovered over us that on the other side of the globe our fellow Americans were gathering their resources of men and material in preparation for storming the stronghold of a fanatical foe. We knew that most of us would be highly eligible to take part in that coming operation.

The following day, on May 9th, the 398th Combat Team comprised of the 398th Regiment and the 375th Field Artillery Battalion, participated in ceremonies commemorating VE Day. During the ceremony Major General Burress addressed us. After the ceremonies Catholic, Protestant and Jewish services were held to give thanks and to perpetuate the memory of those who had fallen. The day after VE Day the Germans had some cause for rejoicing for we moved out of their homes and into public buildings as we settled down to occupational duties in our new area which included parts of the Landkreis Waiblingen, Esslingen and Göppingen. Battalion Headquarters and Hq Battery were in Schorndorf, A Battery in Geradstetten, B Battery in Haubersbronn, C Battery in Baltmannsweiler and Service Battery in Endersbach. Guard became our main duty as the battalion was responsible for 18 installations. Some men found themselves on guard 24 hours a day seven days a week. The guard posts were somewhat reduced and the time that became available was spent in short hikes, calisthenics, close order drill and specialists training. The swimming pool at Schorndorf was available exclusively for GI's and was fully utilized in our spare time. The tedium of occupation was relieved somewhat by nightly movies.

On May 16th the area occupied by the 375th was revised, resulting in moves by B Battery to Unterschlechtbach, C Battery to Reichenbach and Service Battery to Engelberg. Service Battery was relieved of occupational duties at this time so that it could perform its functions more fully.



Battalion Staff on Parade



Entrance to the castle at Schorndorf

Dedication of Maroney-Grubbs Field during Memorial Services



General Murphy Awards Bronze Star to Sgt. King



Cpl. Teigen shakes hands with General Murphy following presentation of Bronze Star



Herrenberg Street Scene



Baker Battery Orderly Room at Altes Lager



Herrenberg



Waiting at the Depot for the Train to come in



Message Center Personnel at Altes Lager



Looking South toward Herrenberg

Familiar Command Post Sign



The Old Maestro Himself—Jack Benny at the Century Stadium in Stuttgart



Larry Adler Shows a Close One





What a Duet That Was

On May 30th Memorial Day services were held. The swimming pool at Schorndorf was dedicated to Cpl. John H. Gregory and the baseball field to 2nd Lt. Joseph C. Maroney and 2nd Lt. Allen E. Grubbs, members of the battalion who had been killed in action. On June 9th the battalion moved to a new area in the vicinity of Schwäbisch Gmünd. Hq., A and B batteries were quartered in Gmünd, C Battery moved to Oberbettringen and Service Battery to Strassdorf. At Gmünd our main duty consisted of guard duty at the various Displaced Personnel camps. Here too there were nightly movies and a Red Cross Club where one could talk with American girls and have doughnuts and coffee.

However, the Japanese war was still very much in being. Although we had just gone through several campaigns during which the 375th had functioned effectively and performed notably, we went south to a German artillery range at Altes Lager on June 16th, to fire our remaining 1200 rounds of ammunition. For the first time since we had left Septèmes, near Marseille, we were again living in a pup tent city, and the cold hard ground made a far from comfortable bed. The first three days were spent firing, during which time the officers and men concerned were given a chance to register the artillery. The remaining time was spent in training and in care and maintenance of equipment used during the first part of the week.

A week after arriving in Altes Lager we left to return to the vicinity of Schwäbisch Gmünd. Hq. and A batteries were quartered at Gmünd, B Battery moved to Heubach, C Battery to Leinzell and Service Battery to Unterböbingen. Five days later, before they could get settled down, Hq. and A batteries moved to near-by Heubach. While in this area, in addition to the usual security guard, the battalion duties consisted of guarding a large Displaced Persons camp, comprised mostly of Poles but containing nationals of many other countries, among whom were Yugoslavs, Greeks, Armenians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Italians. The battalion guarded also food dumps and had motorized road patrols.

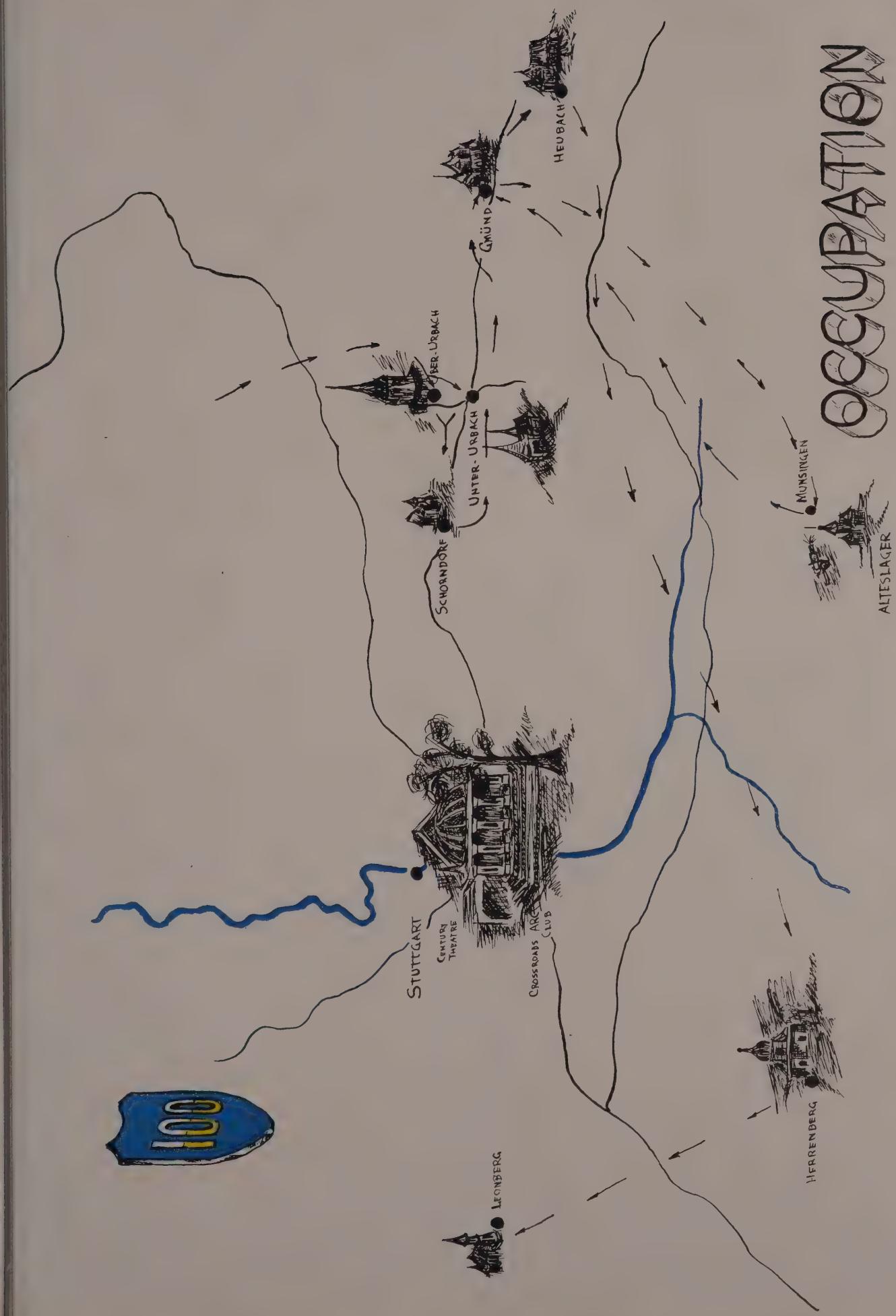
At this time the Army's redeployment program began to go into effect. Four officers and twenty-eight men, all eighty-five pointers and up, left for the 63rd Division. These were the first of a



*And After the Show,
A Cigar from Higgins*

OCCUPATION

After the battles and the weary fighting, comes the waiting





large number of men to leave the battalion. We received few officers and forty-seven enlisted men from the 63rd in return.

To celebrate the Fourth of July some men from A Battery together with troops from other units in the Sixth Corps took part in an impressive parade and review in Schwäbisch Gmünd showing the Germans our armored might. For the review an eight gun section from B and C Batteries fired a forty-eight gun salute over the city.

Orders were received at this time assigning the 100th Division to a new area which included the territory around Stuttgart which had been transferred from French to American jurisdiction. We were assigned to the vicinity of Herrenberg, southwest of Stuttgart, and twenty surrounding towns. On the 7th of July we moved to our new area. B Battery went to Oeschelbronn and the rest of the battalion to Herrenberg. The first few days we lived in homes until school buildings were cleaned and readied for us after which we moved into these public buildings and B Battery joined the rest of the battalion in Herrenberg. There was not as much guard duty required as in our previous areas and for the first time since we had entered the ETO, the 375th settled down to a garrison routine, including reveille, a weekly training program and retreat.

One of the first tasks was establishing our authority and organization in this new area and handling many administrative problems until the Military Government took them over. We also had to carry out higher headquarters directives such as collecting all contraband Wehrmacht equipment and firearms, and locating all munitions, defunct artillery pieces, armor etc. in the area. On the 21st and 22nd of July we did our share in the Tallyho operation which was conducted throughout the Seventh Army area. During these two days more than 25,000 civilians were checked by the battalion and although the element of surprise had gone several hours after the operation began, 133 German soldiers without the proper discharge papers were apprehended, and a large amount of German military equipment such as helmets and gas masks were found. One thing the inspecting teams, who had to plow through the many closets, became convinced of was that whatever else the Germans might claim they lacked, they certainly had an over-abundance of clothing.

The first formal battalion review held in the ETO took place July 27th before Major General Burress and Brigadier General Murphy, at which twenty-eight officers and men were



The "Sons of Bitche" Get Underway



The 375th Songsters — The Chapeleers



Fragment Zero Joins the Battalion and Gets Acquainted with Rosner and Bernstein



Fragment Zero Goes Through His Tricks for Burgess



Headquarters Marches Onto the Field

The C. G. and Colonel Renola Review the Troops





Maynard Takes Life Easy



General Awards Bronze Star to Sgt. Currie

Jerrie Policeman Assumes that familiar road marker position in Stuttgart





Junior Birdmen ready to take off



Service Battery Stands Retreat Formation

How Did These Characters Get In Here?



awarded the Bronze Star Medal. The following day the first printed issue of our battalion newspaper, the "Muzzle Blast", which was started at Fort Bragg and reborn at Schorndorf, Germany was issued. The last week of July our enforced stay in Germany was made more pleasant by the inauguration of a new program in which the whole afternoon was devoted to organized athletics. At our sports grounds we had an attractive swimming pool, volley ball, badminton courts, horse shoes and baseball diamond. The new program had hardly gotten under way when, as was to happen many more times, a directive from above altered the picture.

Since we were in Category II slated for the Pacific via the USA, on July 30th, we started a new forty-hour-week training program which was basic training all over again. We had classes on first aid, map reading, gas identification, rifle sighting, trigger squeeze and all the rest. The program was just going into full swing when, on August 11th, we were alerted for redeployment to the States. We even knew the day we were scheduled to sail, September 10th. We embarked enthusiastically on a whole new phase of activity. All communication equipment, supplies and vehicles were readied and turned in. Our records were checked and all the preparations for movement to our staging area were made. Many of us began to have sure-fire visions of the boat ride home. However, on August 15th came the happy news of Japan's capitulation and as a consequence our high shipping priority slid down several notches below the higher point units. Several days before we were to leave our area we were informed that we had been de-alerted and we reverted back to our previous time-killing job of occupation.

To put our enforced time in Germany to the best use, and to prepare for a civilian future, an ambitious I and E program was launched in the battalion. After receiving the individual preferences indicated, 230 men of

the battalion were enrolled the first week of the program in such sources as Small Business, Shop Mathematics, Blueprint Reading, Electricity, Spoken German and Auto Mechanics. The I and E program was well conceived and the text books issued by the Army were surprisingly good, being considered by some as models which civilian educators could well emulate. During the month of September schooling took an important place in our Army curriculum. Accompanying the I and E program a dynamic sports program was again started. We received a large amount of equipment from units being redeployed to the States. For those not on guard the afternoons were spent swimming, playing volley ball, horse shoes and base ball.

During this time there were many USO shows in Stuttgart and we were provided with transportation to Stuttgart so that we could attend. Even more so than in the States the USO shows provided much-needed entertainment and the high quality shows were always greatly appreciated. Also a Battalion NCO Club and battery clubs were organized. The NCO's and Privates each held a dance which girls from nearby Polish schools attended.

During September the Battalion strength decreased appreciably as high point men and officers transferred to other units which were being redeployed to the States. Many friendships which were developed through close association in interdependence during training and combat were being ended. September was a month in which many good-byes and wishes of good luck were said. The increasing burden of the Battalion functions fell upon the remaining men.

Chaplain Barker and his choir of ten men joined us at this time from the 106th Division and two men from the battalion were added to the choir. We heard the Chapeleers rehearsing often. In their first performance we enjoyed the well-worth-while finished product.

In October our diminished battalion continued the performing of its duties and functions as previously. We were again notified as of our sailing date, December 5th, tentative of course. Once more men were shipped from the battalion, only this time it was the lower pointers who were assigned to the less fortunate units. After a long stay of about eleven weeks in Herrenberg we were assigned to a new area and moved to the town of Leonberg, 16 kilometers west of Stuttgart. At Leonberg we underwent a certain transition which helped to rehabilitate for our coming civilian days, since we were quartered in homes, and much of the garrison atmos-

Retreat Formation in Herrenberg



sphere was gone. In line with a well-established tradition, while at Leonberg our shipping date was once again altered, a delay of only ten days to the new tentative date of December 15th. However there were many men who seemed unconcerned by this news, since they were low-pointers who expected to be shipped out. October 13th was declared "General Burress Day", and picked men from all units of the Division took part in a brilliant parade before the homecoming Division football game. Major General Burress, now 6th Corps commander, reviewed his troops for the last time and then watched the Century Blue Devils defeat the 84th Division team 14 - 13 to highlight a note-worthy day.

In the latter half of October most of the old timers of the Battalion were shipped to other units and a new group of higher point men came in. The contact that remained with the old unit was only the number 375. We had traveled a long road together, seen difficult times, had many happy memories together, and there were many things that we could laugh at though the perspective of time. We were wrought in the forge of war and served an important function in the defense of our country.

In our minds the 375th FA Battalion will live long after it ceases to exist in the organization of the Army. To those whom this history concerns may we some day meet again . . . Until then . . . the best of luck.

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SECTION VII
Sports



*Should a man fail in other fields,
He may turn to Sports, and achieve.
Should he fail in Sports,
Then he is not a man.*

Burton

Shortly after the activation of the 100th Division, a counterpart unit was formed, the 375th FA Bn., which was made up of the finest examples of American manhood, hailing from the coast of Maine, to the western most tip of sunny California, and from the shores of the Northern Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Men of all creed, nationalities and mannerism, whom fate had seemingly dealt a card to from the bottom of the deck. They were facing a new life, which had a new meaning, but regardless of what they were thinking at the time, they knew that they were a part of the greatest team in the world, and that the record and friendships made while playing on this team, would be carried with them for the rest of their lives. Being Americans they looked forward to the contests, the friendly skirmishes, the competition that is inevitable when men are thrown together, and hardly a month passed before an athletic program was instigated, teams were picked and actual play begun.

Early in January Lt. Fred Fanelly and Lt. Joe Robnett put out a call for basketball tryouts, and before long they had the men they needed, and a tentative game schedule was announced. The 375th and a sister battalion, the 925th, combined to present a colorful, experienced and aggressive line up, which was to more than hold its own through a sixteen game winter schedule against the finest teams in the Division. After Lt. Fanelly's departure, Lt. Robnett took over the reins, and whipped his charges into midseason form as early as the first of February. This team captured the Division League title and was eliminated by the 397th Infantry team by two points in the Round Robin All Division Tourney held at the completion of the regular season. The team had twice beaten the Infantrymen during league play.

The Artillerymen closed a successful season shortly thereafter, with a first year record of eleven victories, as against five defeats. Bill Droll, stalwart basket tender from the 375th, reaped individual glory, when he was nominated on the Division All-Star team, chosen at the end of the 1943 season, while Ray Pipkin, another standout 375th performer, earned an honorable mention berth on that team. Athletics had already won its place in the Battalion.

Droll, racks up two more



Yer out!
Some fast baseball action at Bragg



As the March rains subsided and the warm April breezes began to move in, the familiar cry "play ball" became evident. The rusty cleats were taken from their winter storage place, oiled up and made ready for use. Baseball chatter filtered throughout the hutments from early morning until taps at night. Prospects of a Battalion team were hashed and rehashed. Players discussed their respective qualifications, and already they were out there kicking up the old diamond dust. During the first week in April, Lt. Keith Sherman called for candidates and twenty-five or thirty hopefuls answered the summons. Several games were played among the battalions making up Division Artillery, and the 375th matched win for loss, while giving evidence that they were baseball minded. Frank Brown, Leo Hansbury, A. Sheffield, Dick Hemmerly, Lander Dixon, Bill Droll, Art Dufour, and Benny Saldis made up the nucleus of the team, and showed the spirit that later was to establish them as the cream of battalion athletics. Failure to field a softball team in Ft. Jackson was not due to lack of interest but instead because

The division band clowns at half-time



of the D-Exercises that were scheduled around that time. Even at that there were several battery games played.

Along with baseball came a program of Judo Training, whose purpose it was to prepare each individual in the art of self defense, to protect himself against any situation where "quick movement" and fast thinking might mean the difference between life and death. A great grandfather to our well known "grunt and groan" sport, this type of training proved interesting as well as educational to the men. Judo has proved invaluable at times, where strong-arm methods had to be employed.

Along about this time, in early August, the First Century Swimming Meet was held at Twin Lakes, and George Jacobs, attached to the 375th Medics, decorated himself and the battalion with honors, when he completely outclassed the field in the 100 yard free style event, to capture first place. George was entered in several other events, and helped to place the 375th high in the final team standings. In conjunction with the meet, the battalion organized compulsory swimming classes, and eventually conducted tests to qualify every man over the 100 yard distance.

In the late summer the Division Special Service sponsored a Division Golden Gloves Tournament, and several fistic gladiators from the battalion drew entry blanks and went into training for the bouts. Johnny Moroz, with several years of ring experience behind him enrolled in the heavyweight class. He won the Division heavyweight championship but was eliminated in the Post Tournament by a contender from the 106th Division in a hotly disputed decision. His clean sportsmanship brought him acclaim from the judges and spectators alike, however, and he was recognized as one of the outstanding figures in the tournament.

As the days began to lengthen, and the brown pine needles began to filter earthward, attention was turned to tough football, which was something new in the way of sports to most of the men. From the offset wide spread interest was noted, however, and the game quickly became a popular addition to the extended Army program of Athletics and Games. Each battery formed a team of its own, and Intra-battery competition got underway. Baker Battery was the team to watch, as they dominated from the beginning, sweeping their opposition aside with apparent skill and ease, and in winning the Battalion championship, they automatically advanced to the Division Playoffs. Along about this time, however, an important phase of training, Tennessee Maneuvres, came up to temporarily postpone the gridiron warfare, but

You take each punch with them, but you love it



Is it, or isn't it?



The crowd. They add that extra color



Helmbacher, takes one from the port side



shortly after the invasion of the Tennessee hills the clashes were renewed. The crack Baker team wound up as one of the two teams who would battle it out for the mythical Division championship. It was decided that the playoff game would be held at Fort Bragg at the completion of the field problems. It was early in February with the Centurymen occupied the Division area in Fort Bragg, and after a short breathing spell, in recognition of the bitter, weary winter spent in the field, football again came to the front, and the 375th representative squared off against the Headquarters Company of the 397th Infantry contender in the final big classic. Baker Battery took the field in this encounter sporting an indomitable record of being undefeated, untied and unscored upon, but the Doughboys were out to marr this record, and capture the laurels themselves. Baker's team was built around an enormous line which averaged over two hundred pounds from end to end, and Harris Martin's accurate passing arm, with Bob Arnold, Lou Eades and Arthur Everson as his glue-fingered receivers. Wing footed Dick Garabedian picked up the necessary yardage on running plays from his half back post, while John Mulvey, Frederick Germano, Joe Seigel and Walter Krawchuk gave the front wall that needed power and speed. John Parr, who quarterbacked the team, was cool and reserved under fire, and time after time he pulled his charges through when their backs were to the wall, with quick thinking and timely signal calling.

So the final game was played on a mild February afternoon, and it was a game that would not be soon forgotten either by the men who participated or those who witnessed



Diagnosing that next one

it. It packed all the thrills of an evenly matched college game, and there was more at stake too, as the Artillerymen would be trying to retain that perfect record and the Infantry Blue had in mind that traditional slogan, "The Infantry, Queen of Battles". For over two quarters the two teams struggled on the slippery sand, neither finding the opening they were looking for, and then Martin unlimbered his deadly right arm. His throws suddenly found men on the receiving end and the Red Braiders were on their way. They quickly notched their first touchdown, converted, kicked off and stopping their opponent dead in his tracks, once again took the ball over, and taking to the air again scored their second touchdown. From there on it was just a matter of holding for the 375th, and hold they did. When the final whistle blew ending the game a new Division Champion had been crowned, and a bruised and hapless Infantry team knew that it had been decisively beaten. The giant Trophy and individual awards were presented to the winners that Fall by General Withers A. Burress, with Div. Art. Commander, General Murphy present, marking the first, of many honors that were to be bestowed upon this battery in months to come.

The officers of the 375th fielded a championship touch football team in Fort Jackson in the fall of 1943. The team, went through the season's competition undefeated, untied and unscored upon. Composed mainly of men who earned distinction on the college gridiron including Lt. Fanelly (John Carroll), Lt. Victor (St. Bonaventure), Lt. Pearson (George Washington), Major Renola (Brown and West Point), Lt. Stamen (Princeton), Lt. King (Florida), Lt. Hyde (Texas), and Lt. Edwards, Lt. Strahlendorf, Lt. Haas, Lt. Belluscio, and Lt. Simon, the team worked the typical razzle dazzle of Andy Kerr coached elevens and Southwest Conference Products. The outstanding characteristics of the team that everyone was capable of working in any position assigned to him as is attested by the following scores:

The privilege is all mine



Lead with your left, and cross with your right



Well, that's half of it





The staff—enthusiastic rooters



Saldis takes his practice cuts



*Boynton, Helmbacher,
Droll and Gartrell.
Charley's dependable infield*



"Pip" finds nothing but air

Fresh from victory. The Hq. softball team



The All-American way



Helmbacher, at the tape



At Fort Jackson:	375th FA Bn — 36	925th FA Bn — o
	375th — 18	373rd — o
	375th — 48	374th — o
	375th — 42	373rd — o
	375th — 48	374th — o
	375th — 54	Div. Arty. All Stars — o
At Fort Bragg:	375th — 30	374th — o
	375th — 36	925th — o

Battery officers have never been able to beat the "old, decrepit" staff. At Fort Jackson, Major Renola and Lt. Fanelly combined to lead the staff to an 18 to 12 victory, and during Tennessee maneuvers, Captain Edwards pitched three touchdown strikes to Major Renola as the battery officers once again went down to defeat, this time by a score of 18 to 0.

This year in Germany, Col. Renola again has formed a powerful staff team, built around Captain Wilkes, Captain Tepe, and Captain Young. The battery officers are attempting to break the jinx, but in tuneup games played in Leonberg the staff had too much for them as usual, and they romped to impressive 39 to 0 and 43 to 0 wins.

Even with a late start, the improvised basketball schedule proved worthwhile that winter, and though the 375th failed to produce a consistent winner, they showed at times that they were of championship calibre. Big Bill Droll, Ray Pipkin, Lew Hansbury, Dick Hemmerly, A. Sheffield and Jim Hooper returned from the previous years court wars, and with the addition of several new performers, the team developed into a dark horse contender. In the annual Division Tournament, held late in March, the 375th was eliminated in the first round of play by an aggressive 373rd team, but in several games played following the tournament, the Horseshoe Basketeers found the spark, and they managed to salvage some glory out of

what might have been a disappointing season, by tucking victories over the 925th and highly touted Signal Co. under their belts.

The spotlight was turned once again upon softball and baseball early in April. The Battalion organized battery teams and the competitive spirit was there as usual. Headquarters Battery walked away with top honors after several close encounters with Service Battery and the Officer's team. Lt. Pete Demetros organized a battalion team, but plans failed to materialize, even after colorful uniforms had been purchased, and after playing two games, winning one and losing one, the project was dropped. At this time several baseball hopefuls joined the newly organized Div. Arty. hardball team and began to work out the kinks in preparation for the schedule ahead, which called for at least two games a week. Frank Brown was installed at shortstop, D. McCarney handled first base, Dick Hemmerly and Lander Dixon divided the catching duties, Bob Arnold alternated in the outfield, and Dick Garabedian was a member of the pitching staff. The 375th was well represented, and these players remained

A Two-Star Congratulation for a job well done



A mighty proud trio



throughout the season with the team, giving good accounts of themselves. The Div. Arty. nine was plagued with hard luck all during the first walf of League competition, and they failed to register a win. Garabedian toiled tirelessly on the mound for the Artillerymen, and had he had more consistance from his teammates, both in the field and at the plate, he would have racked up several wins for the Scarlets. In the second half the team was reinforced by several players from the Division team, whose season had ended, and they managed to pull a half a dozen victories out of the fire. Brown played brilliant ball at short-stop, while Hemmerly and Mc Carney occasionally found their batting eyes, connecting for some timely hits when they were needed. The team finished the season with a mediocre record of 7 wins and 9 losses for a percentage of .437, against the stiffest of opposition.

Volleyball wove its way into the Athletic Program during the summer months, with the Officers leading the way, and claiming the battalion championship, in competition that was confined to the 375th. Ping Pong Tournaments were held, and J. C. Cohen wielded the paddle that had made him the Division Champ at Fort Jackson, and he repeated the feat in Fort Bragg, besting the Divisions finest challengers, after mopping up all comers in the battalion.

With the completion of the baseball season the division was hard at making preparations for overseas movement, and the Sports Program was almost forgotten in the schuffle. Tough football plans were made, however, and several games were played among the batteries before the order to evacuate Fort Bragg came down. Baker Battery still showed her superiority, and went about her winning ways of the previous season, eliminating Charlie Battery in a disputed overtime tilt the final game of the battalion touch football playoffs by the score of 6 to 0.

Athletics were far removed from the minds of the men of the 375th after the battalion left Fort Bragg, and landed at POE, Camp Kilmer. There was little time to be devoted to anything else but preparation for the long boat ride. After the landing in France we knew that we were one great team again and that there would be no place for individual glory, as we faced a snarling ruthless opponent, whom we were soon to realize presented the greatest test we had yet faced. Throughout the winter of 1944 and into the early summer of 45, we battled this enemy under the most hazardous and discouraging of conditions, and finally on May 8, we had vanquished the bitter foe, and won the greatest of all victories.

Life for the combat men of the 375th in Europe, began to take on a different shape now. Once again the desire to get back to their normal way of living prevailed. The men wished to bend their bodies in friendly battle now, and to sweat honest sweat from play instead of the cold clammy sweat of fear and battle fatigue. In Unterurbach, volleyball and softball was introduced to the conquered German people, and the men reveled in the fact that while they were grim, determined soldiers when waging war, they were also capable of laughter and merriment as they played these well known American games.

The battalion moved to Schorndorf on May 10, and it was here that the Overseas Athletic and Recreation program went into all-out effect. The battalion softball team was reorganized,



Hail to the champions—Service Battery's Softball Team



Geschwender uncorks a fast one



Sunday afternoon frolic at the pool



The jump that counted

with Lt's Harris Martin and Scheller Garlock at the helm. A six team "White League" was organized, and the 375th was one of those teams, which also included the 325th Medics, the 4th Bn. 398th Inf., the 3rd Bn. 398th Inf., and the 374th and 373rd Field Artillery Battalions.

In the opening game of the season the battalion jumped off with plenty to spare, earning an impressive 12 to 4 decision over the 374th on the latters diamond. The players began to have visions already of roosting on the leagues top perch. Next, the 3rd Bn., 398th Infantry team journeyed to Schorndorf to test the might of the Horseshoe aggregation, and in a game dedicating the field to Lt's Maroney and Grubbs; who had lost their lives in combat, the blue braiders ended up on the short end of a 10 to 8 score. It looked very much like the 375th was well on its way towards distinguishing itself again in the field of sports. This winning streak was short lived however, and the team seemed to lose its spark over night, as they dropped successive games to the 373rd and the 325th Medics by onesided scores. The battalion packed up and moved again, this time to Schwäbisch Gmünd, but the change of scenery had little effect upon the ball team and they continued to stumble, losing a heartbreaker to the 4th Bn. 398th at a 5 to 4 score, after leading all the way, and dropping a return engagement with the 3rd Bn., 8 to 3. On returning from the Altes Lager Field Problems, in early June, the schedule was resumed in Heubach, where the battalion was then located. The first game brought the 4th Bn. to the Red Legs field for the second game between the teams. The visitors applied a thorough coat of whitewash to the hapless Horseshoemen this time, as the infantry pitcher hurled a no hit no run game, while his teammates were combing Geschwender and Markiewicz, 375th hurlers, for 9 runs and 14 hits. The first half of play ended the last week in July, after the battalion had once again displaced, this time to Herrenberg. The red-hot 374th sent the 375th reeling when the second half of the season got under way in Böblingen, as they squeezed out a 4 to 3 victory in the final inning. The 375th failed to find the winning way throughout the second half, as they were firmly embedded in last place, with no hope of bettering themselves. However, they still possessed some of the early season spark underneath, and the fire was ignited by manager "Pop" Taylor before the final encounter with the league leading 4th Bn. 398th. The cocky doughboys came to town with the idea in mind to quickly run up the score on the demoralized artillerymen, and then coast to victory, but when the dust cleared after the seven inning struggle, the 375th had risen from her lowly depths to smote the over

Hold that line



confident leaders by the score of 5 to 2, and thus lay claim to at least, moral success from what had been a dismal season. We like to remember Frank Brown's sparkling performances at short, Jim Hagman's hustle behind the plate, Frank Geschwender's good, but hard luck pitching. Jack Dwyers long hitting that broke up many a ball game, or sent them into extra innings, but I think we will best recall years from now, "Pop" Taylor, the team manager, who on the surface always appeared dissatisfied and disgusted, but who underneath, understood more about what was going on out there on the field than any player did. "Pop" took over the team at the beginning of the second half, and although he didn't produce the winner that he had hoped to, he nevertheless installed the confidence the pepper that had been lacking before he entered the picture. The men of the battalion pay tribute to a fine sportsman and a true lover of the game.

The barn-storming, "Big League" competition completed, the battalion team was broken up, and a battery league organized. Each team was scheduled to play seven games, with the winner representing the battalion in the Div. Arty. Playoffs. On paper it looked like the Headquarters Battery team was a sure bet to clinch the title, but when it was all over, Service Battery had a tight hold on first place, by virtue of winning two games out of three from the high flying Headquarters team.

The playoffs, themselves, got under ways in Herrenberg, and Service Battery got that "one bad one" out of their system as they dropped the opener to the hustling 925th, 12 to 3. Despite the plague of injury and misfortune that befell the team, they nevertheless held together and won their next three games against the 373rd, 374st and Div. Arty. Hq. representative. Due to adverse weather conditions, the playoffs advanced no further, but Service Battery had showed that she was in the running, and had the round robin affair continued, her supporters would have bet their eye teeth on this, another fine team from the 375th.

A battalion elimination Horseshoe Tournament was held in Herrenberg during the summer of 1945, and several competent ironmasters displayed their cleverness in this field. Bob Stange, proved himself master of the pitching artists besting favored Walt Lemasters in the finals of the Singles competition. Lemasters came back to team with Sam Piazza to win the Doubles event from John Jefferson and Paul Mizikowski.

The battalion organized battery volleyball teams in Herrenberg and a battalion league was formed. It developed into a two team affair, between Hqs. and Charley batteries, with Charley emerging the winner after several heated sessions on the courts. Charley Battery represented the 375th in the Div. Arty. playoffs and was eliminated by the 925th in the best three out of five games tourney. The 925th went on to capture runnerup honors in the Division playoffs held September 18 in Bad Cannstatt, preceding the Division Track and Field Meet.

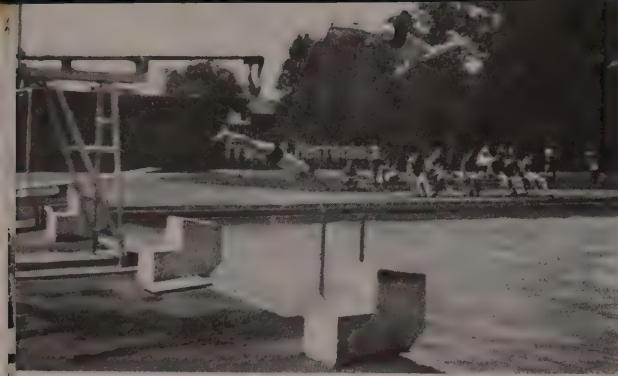
The Battalion Basketball team was formed by Captain Young in Herrenberg, and with D. Mc Carney assisting, a challenge from a neigh-



The goal line stand

Sweating out his turn





Ye old swimming hole



Not too graceful, but who cares?



"Big Boy" Droll tosses the shot



Hill and Pipkin finish one and two

Ready for the kickoff



boring Lithuanian Sport Club from Tübingen was accepted. The team journeyed to Tübingen with very little practice and handed our allied enthusiasts in the strictly American game, a thorough trouncing, emerging a 31 to 18 victor. A return engagement was scheduled between the two teams but at the end of one quarter the game, being played out of doors, was called because of rain. Several other games were scheduled with teams in the Division, but they were postponed due to the heavy loss of men through redeployment. In the only other game played to date the rangey basketeers emerged a decisive winner over an untried Officer's five, the game being played in Vaihingen.

Shortly after the completion of the softball season, the first Battalion Track and Field Meet was held at the 375th Recreation Field at Herrenberg. The meet proved a great success, for in a track meet there is a place for everyone who has two sturdy legs and a stout heart, and before the day had ended we were hailing new athletic discoveries, who came out from under wraps to aid their teams in the bid for highest honors. Team honors for the meet went to Charley Battery, with Jim Hagman, Joe Helmbacher and Alvie Hill, the amazing little wonder man, leading the way in the dash and relay events, but each contesting battery produced at least one winner in the many events of the day. From the group of outstanding performers in this meet, a battalion track team was formed, and under the coaching eye of Captain Charles Young, the squad went through their practice paces in preparation for the all Division Artillery Track Meet. The big meet was held on September 10 in Vaihingen and the 375th unfurled her colors this day to sweep the honors by a wide margin, scoring 89 points. Three times as many as the other three battalion entries could muster together. George Pescek threw the Javelin 151 feet for a first place, Melvin Hakola captured the running broad jump event, Joe Mulley, Ray Pipkin and John Grim were one, two and three in the pole vault. Alvie Hill took the 50 metre dash, Helmbacher the 200 metre run, and Hagman the 100 metre. Every man who was entered in an event placed no further off the pace than third, and every man finished the race or the field event he had undertaken.

On the following Saturday, September 15, the Div. Arty. team, made up primarily of men from the 375th, invaded the Century Stadium in Bad Cannstatt, to pit

their ability against the best the division had to offer. Due to the soggy condition of the track the meet was postponed until the following Tuesday, after the morning prelims had been run off. On Tuesday, the sun shone brilliantly as the contestants gathered for the First Track and Field Meet ever sponsored by the 100th Division. Div. Arty. trailed the 398th and 397th in the final outcome, placing third with a point total of 22 for their days efforts. John Grim, former Cornell University student and athlete, soared over the high bar at 10 feet 8 inches in winning the only individual blue ribbon for the artillery team, in the pole vault event. Credit must also go to Pecsek, Atigian, Hagman, Hakola and Helmbacher, whose efforts were instrumental in the success of the Div. Arty. team.

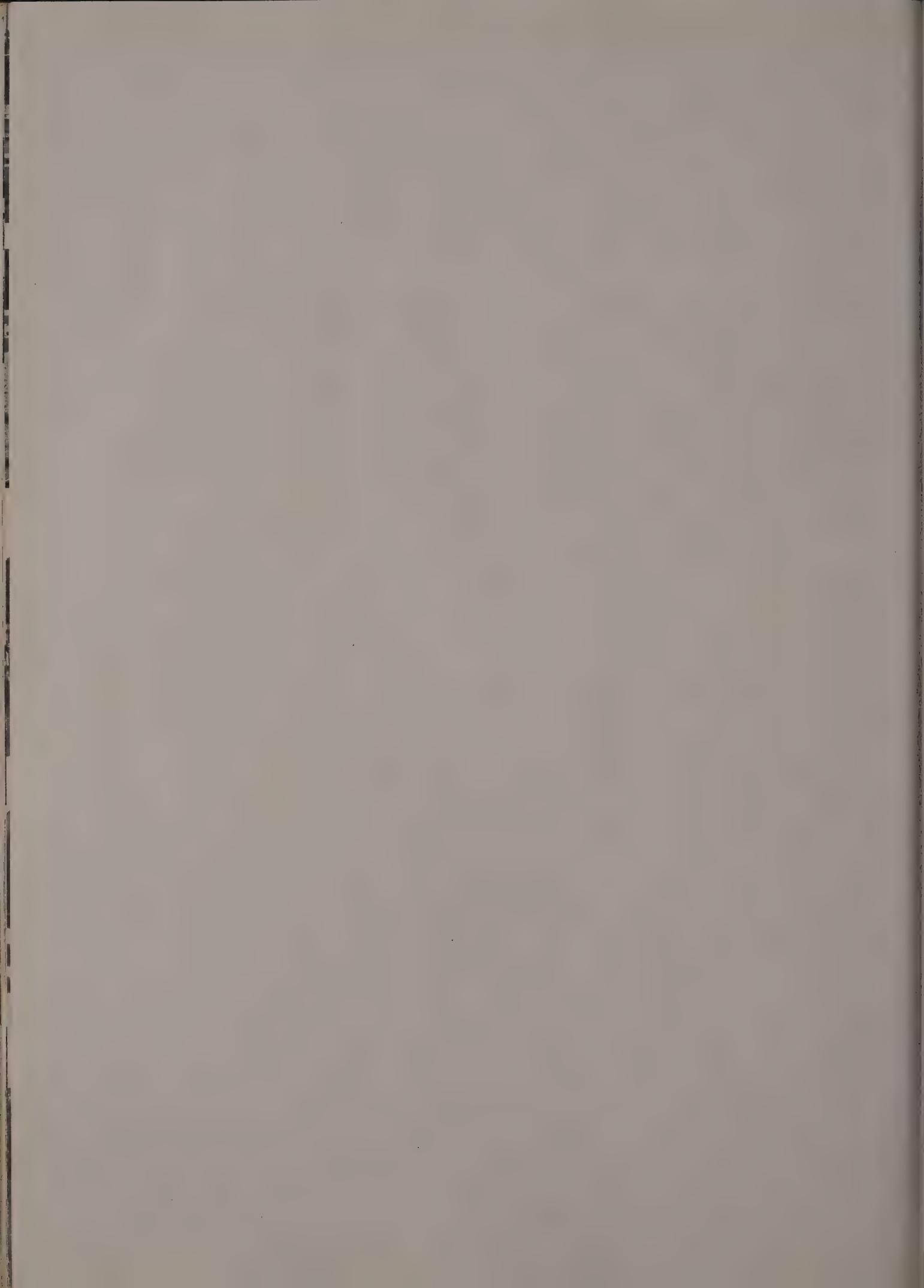
With emphasis placed on the new Army I and E Program, installed throughout ETO in the fall, the outlook for athletics and recreation within the battalion appeared dim. However, the Battalion Commander Lt. Col. Raymond Renola immediately enlightened the situation when he declared that the school program would be conducted during the morning only, and that the afternoons would be devoted to organized athletics as usual.

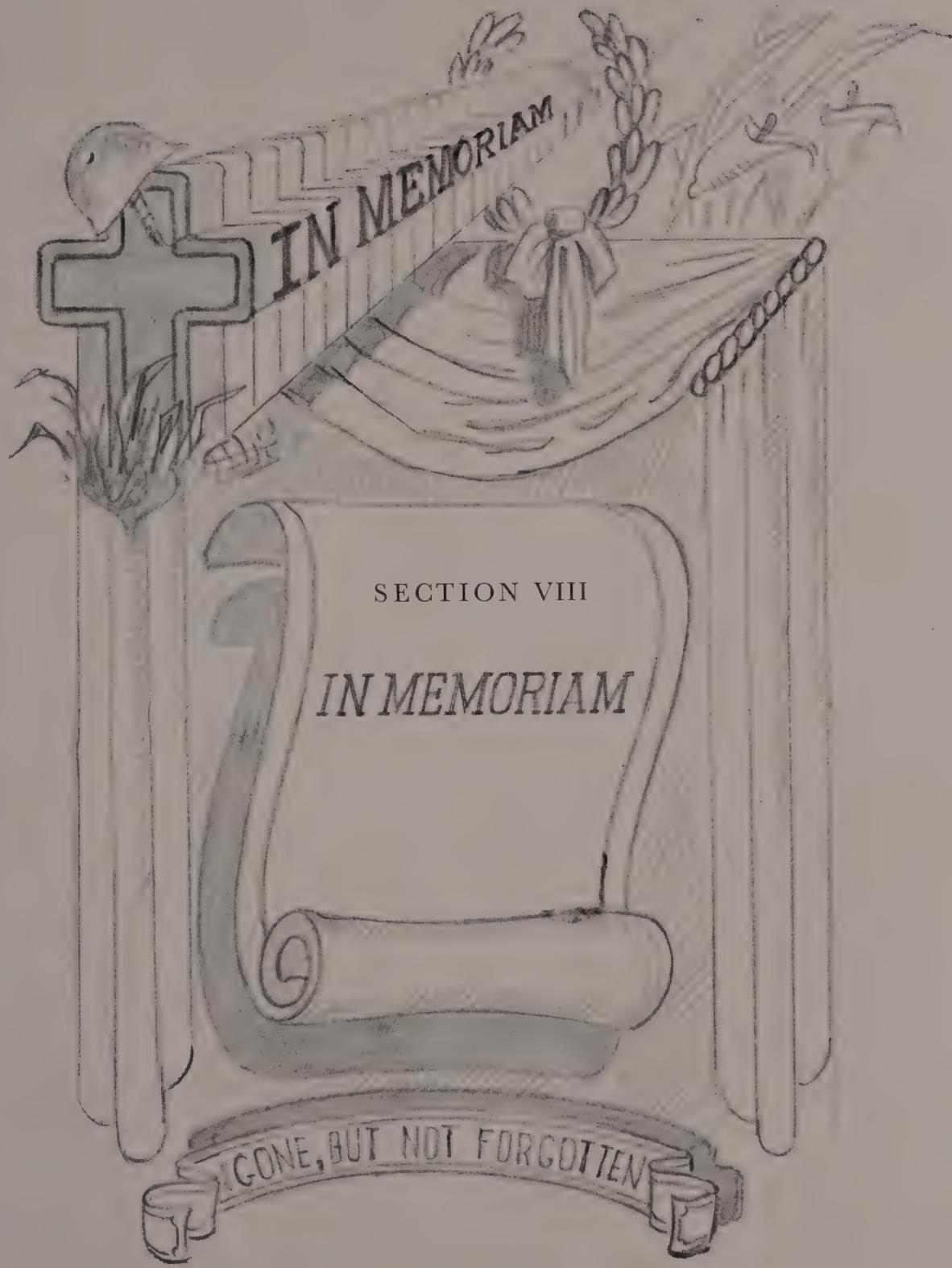
Col. Renola presented the various athletic awards to the winning battery teams in softball, volleyball and track at a ceremony in Herrenberg on October 10, preceding the opening of the seasons Touch Football schedule. Col. Renola spoke of the important part athletics had played in battalion activities since activation up to the present time, remarking that no one battery or single individual had ever dominated the sports arena in the battalion, while emphasizing the fact that each dominating team had always attained its niche by virtue of playing up and playing hard.

Shortly before the division baseball season was completed, coach Sam Dunlop called for candidates for the Century football team, which was to form a part of the 7th Army League. Lt. Jules Minton, former All Southern Conference guard at VMI, and Lt. Harris J. Martin Jr., who did his footballing at Rutgers, entered their names to the roster which included several famed college stars of recent years. Lt. Minton held down the right guard position throughout the season, and played an important part in the Centurymen's success on the gridiron. Lt. Martin was installed as an alternate blocking back in the Warner system, used by Coach Dunlop, and proved himself a valuable asset to the team. Again as before, Martin's right arm made him a recognized player. Div. Arty. formed a team late in September and several men from the battalion went out to reacquaint themselves with the game they had not played since their high school and college days. John Mulvey, Dick Garabedian, Joe Siegel, Max Caylor, John Grim and Bill Boynton were representatives from the Battalion, and they all played their share during the season.

The men of the 375th can proudly say that whatever athletic event was undertaken, whether it was for a winning or losing cause, sportsmanship and the genuine love of just "mixing it" always prevailed. And in years to come as you gaze back over those memorable occasions when you were wearing the colors of the old Horseshoe Battalion, the names of your teammates may be forgotten, but those accomplishments you made together will not. Hats off to the men who made up the 375th. Fine competitors, and real Americans, every one of them.

F I N I S





SECTION VIII

IN MEMORIAM

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



I N M E M O R I A M

† FRANK L. BONDY
† JOSEPH BONTELL
† PAUL R. BUZZELL
ANTHONY P. CERAVOLA
† GEORGE P. CROWLEY
FRANK DELLA VALLE
† ROBERT L. ETHRIDGE
ORVILLE O. GLAUBIUS
† JOHN H. GREGORY
† ALLEN E. GRUBBS
† PAUL HAHN
STANLEY S. HUCHRO
WILLIAM E. LAMB
† JOSEPH C. MARONEY
† JOHN R. McCACKEN
RAYMOND C. RHOTEN

† KILLED IN ACTION

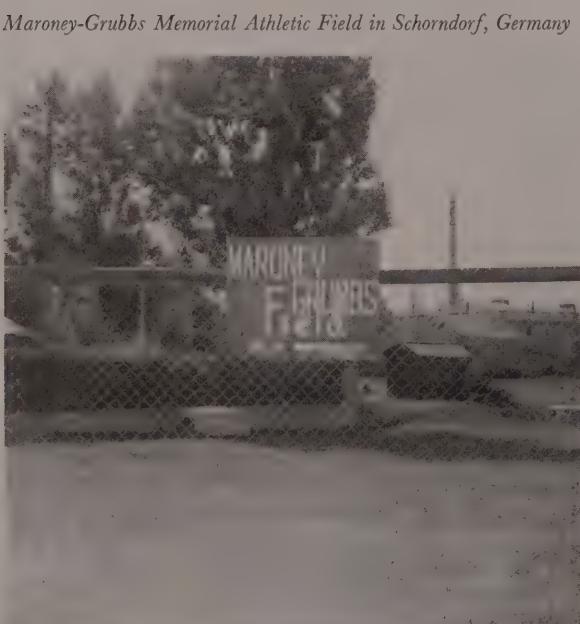
THEY SAY THE DEAD DIE NOT,
BUT REMAIN NEAR TO THE RICH HEIRS
OF THEIR GRIEF AND MIRTH



Memorial Plaque on the outside of the 100th Division Rest Center Hotel, in Sarrebourg, France



Gregory Memorial Pool in Schorndorf, Germany



Maroney-Grubbs Memorial Athletic Field in Schorndorf, Germany



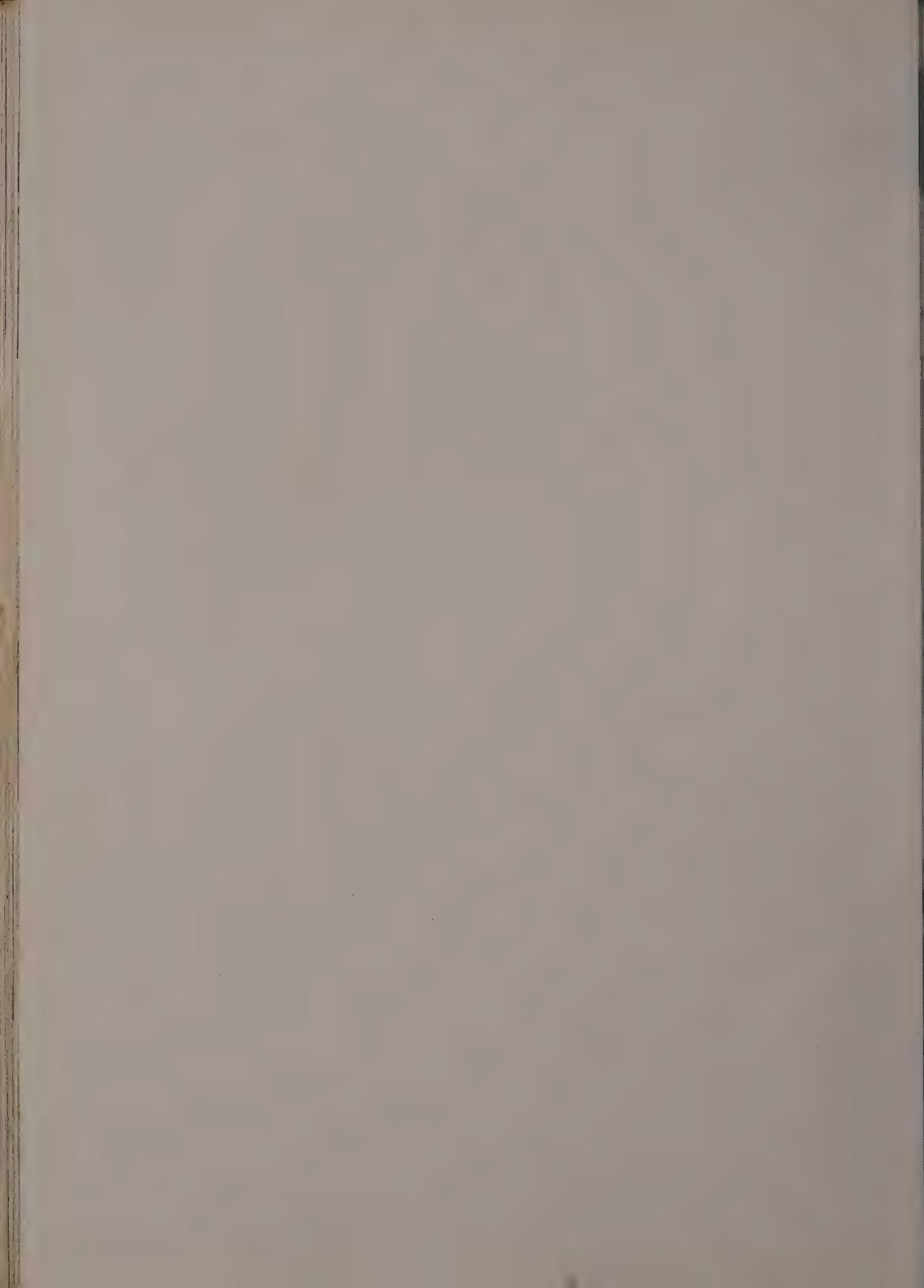
McCracken Hall
Named for Lt. John McCracken, in Schorndorf, Germany



SECTION IX

Passes and Tours







Near Eagles Nest, Germany



SS Barracks at Berchtesgaden



Stuttgart, Germany



*Hall of Mirrors,
Ludwig's Castle on Chiem See*

Lake at Chamonix, France



View at Chamonix, France

Hotel at Chamonix



French Mountain View





Arc de Triomphe, Paris



Avenue des Champs Elysées



Le Panthéon, Paris



Sacré-Cœur de Montmartre



St. James's Palace, London



Big Ben, London



Westminster Abbey, London



Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square, London



Canal Regio, Venice



Along the Waterfront, Venice



Front of Basilica of St. Marco



Square of St. Marco



Enlisted Men's Rest Center, Nice



Beach at Cannes, on the Riviera



Promenade d'Anglais, Nice



Monte Carlo on the Riviera



Well Known Faces of the

"Hq" Battery

Back Row, left to right: Hunter, Coelho, Barnum, Castle, Valentine
Second Row, left to right: Boyajian, Falcetta, Mizikowski, Cohen, Mellay
First Row, left to right: Sheffield, Captain, DaSilva, Poslusny



"Hq" Battery

Last Row, left to right: L'Amoreaux, Lewis, Camp, Van Eck, Walsh, Paul
Second Row, left to right: Bernstein, Hemingway, Chasin, Hunka
First Row, left to right: Cote, Gaudalewicz, Cohen



"A" Battery

Last Row, left to right: Koppelman, Bagwell, Saldis, Lewis
Second Row, left to right: Good, Buonafede, Candella, Furst
First Row, left to right: MacEachran, Rath, Strozer, Dworkin, McGreevy

"B" Battery

Back Row, left to right: Gancarz, Jackson, Spezziale, Jewel, Krawchuck
Front Row, left to right: Jurofsky, Webb, Robert, Bolognino, Gimmarella



Horse Shoe Battalion

"C" Battery

Last Row, left to right: Spears, Temeczyzyn, Trinca, Harper, Droll
Second Row, left to right: Johnson, Carr, Feeney, Cranmer, Manjan
First Row, left to right: Shaw, Cain, Kronick



"Service" Battery

Last Row, left to right: Garrett, Bernstein, Alger, Williams, Waters, Hamen, Metras
Second Row, left to right: Whitaker, Wells, Laneri, Kaiser, Kiburis, Mulley, Fraser
First Row, left to right: Hill, DelVecchio, Garner, Pesoli, Richmond, Currie



"C" Battery

Back Row, left to right: Colasa, Mantel, Moody
Front Row, left to right: Catuso, Thompson



Battalion Supply

Back Row, left to right: Menshausen, Alger, Currie
Front Row: Kudak, Porter



Lts. Coleman and Robinson



Lt. Garner, Service Battery



Dries of Headquarters Battery



*Sgt. Pipkin of Service Battery
receives Bronze Star Medal*



*Capt. Drew, Robnett, Kummer,
Edwards and Hyde*



Battalion Motor Sergeant, Cassel

Capt. "Smiling Jack" Singer,
Charlie Battery



Lt. John D. Jones receives the Bronze Star Medal

1st Sergeant Markiewicz of Baker Battery



Castle and "Fragment Zero"





**P O S T H U M O U S
A W A R D S**



**D I S T I N G U I S H E D
S E R V I C E C R O S S**

Cpl. ETHRIDGE, ROBERT C.

*

S I L V E R S T A R

2nd Lt. MARONEY, JOSEPH C.

Tec 5 GREGORY, JOHN H.

*

B R O N Z E S T A R

2nd Lt. GRUBBS, ALLEN E. JR.

Pfc. BONTELL, JOSEPH W.

Pfc. RHOTEN, RAYMOND C.

A W A R D S

LEGION OF MERIT

1st Sgt. KRAGCA, GEZA

SILVER STAR

Capt. ROBNETT, JOE J. JR.	Sgt. WALSH, LAWRENCE M.
Capt. GARRITY, JOHN A.	T/5 GRAHAM, MARVIN M.
Capt. HINES, VERNON C.	T/5 WEISMAN, NELSON N.
Cpl. COHEN, JORDAN D.	Pfc. SMITH, CLYDE O.
Cpl. HAGMAN, JAMES M.	Pvt. OWENS, THOMAS

SOLDIERS MEDAL

T/5 CAMP, RAYMOND E.

BRONZE STAR

Lt. Col. RENOLA, RAYMOND (2 Oak Leaf Clusters)	Capt. WILKES, ELBERT H.
Maj. BARRETT, GURNEE JR. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	Capt. SHERMAN, KIETH
Maj. KENNEY, WILLIAM F. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	Capt. SINGER, WILLIAM J.
Capt. YOUNG, CHARLES M. JR. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. ROBINSON, THOMAS F. JR.
1st Lt. MINTON, JULIUS A. JR. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. MUIR, WILLIAM H.
1st Lt. JONES, JOHN D. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. MAHON, BOYD B. JR.
2nd Lt. HYSLOP, DOUGLAS H. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. VANDEVENTER, BRADEN JR.
2nd Lt. MARTIN, HARRIS J. JR. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. GARNER, TAYLOR M.
Cpl. SZELAGOWSKI, ANTHONY (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. NEMNICH, LLOYD E.
T/5 BALSAM, JOSEPH J. (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. WATTS, PRENTICE R. JR.
Pfc. HEYLIGER, DONALD (1 Oak Leaf Cluster)	1st Lt. PLANTO, MORRIS
Capt. DREW, ARTHUR G.	1st Lt. LEDBETTER, WILLIAM R.
Capt. KUMP, BENJAMIN F.	1st Lt. HORNER, LOUIS H. JR.
Capt. EDWARDS, JOHN S. JR.	2nd Lt. COOKE, JOHN D.
Capt. HYDE, PAUL L.	2nd Lt. GARLOCK, SCHELLER L.
Capt. HAYWARD, FRANCIS M.	2nd Lt. OUGHSTUN, EDMUND
Capt. ROBNETT, JOE J.	2nd Lt. PREDIGER, GEORGE W.
Capt. KUMMER, HUGO J.	2nd Lt. HATCH, DAVID B.
Capt. GARRITY, JOHN A.	2nd Lt. SOMES, HORACE A.
Capt. HINES, VERNON C.	WOJG DURLING, JOHN O.

M/Sgt. ARCHER, GEORGE T.
M/Stg. CASSEL, WALTER C.
M/Sgt. LOSEGO, OSCAR M.
1st Sgt. KRAGCA, GEZA
1st Sgt. THOMSON, WILLIAM
1st Sgt. SHEFFIELD, ABIJAH C. JR.
1st Sgt. PACIFICO, ALEXANDER A.
1st Sgt. CURRIE, DONALD J.
T/Sgt. PORTER, JAMIE M.
T/Sgt. JOHNSON, NEAL
T/Sgt. LYON, MYRON
S/Sgt. MILLS, GEORGE
S/Sgt. HALL, CHARLES A.
S/Sgt. DUNHAM, LEROY
S/Sgt. BOLOGNA, ANTHONY G.
S/Sgt. MURCH, WILLIAM C.
S/Sgt. SORRIENTO, SALVATORE L.
S/Sgt. WALDMAN, JOHN
S/Sgt. PAIKA, FRANCIS
S/Sgt. KUDUK, LOUIS F.
S/Sgt. VOLIN, WILSON
S/Sgt. LESLIE, PAUL L.
S/Sgt. BUCCO, ANGELO
T/3 MASSA, VITO
Sgt. PIPKIN, RAYMOND W.
Sgt. MANZO, EMMETT
Sgt. MALEN, LEONARD
Sgt. HAMELL, THOMAS W.
Sgt. HADEN, STEPHEN H.
Sgt. WILLIAMS, CHARLIE M.
Sgt. LEWIS, MAYNARD R.
Sgt. CAYLOR, MAX D.
Sgt. NELSON, JOHN
Sgt. KULPAN, CHARLES W.
Sgt. GILMORE, ALLAN E.
Sgt. MUDRICK, LOUIS F.
Sgt. BOYNTON, WILLIAM D.
T/4 SEELIG, CHARLES J.
T/4 PALS, RICHARD R.
T/4 BENTIVEGNA, SALVATORE
T/4 WALSH, ROBERT
T/4 GOLDSMITH, EUGENE
Cpl. DELANEY, GEORGE F.
Cpl. WARD, JOHN F.
Cpl. SHEA MORTIMER
Cpl. COHEN, JORDAN D.
Cpl. CONROY, THOMAS J.
Cpl. GARABEDIAN, RICHARD A.
Cpl. ATIGIAN, WALTER S.
Cpl. OPUDA, STEPHEN
Cpl. CALVERT, AUBREY G.
Cpl. BEISEL, FRANK A.
Cpl. GRIFFIN, JOHN E.
Cpl. GILLETT, RICHARD E.
Cpl. CAULEY, FELIX J.
Cpl. MAGEE, ALBERT E.
Cpl. GARRETT, ALBERT C. JR.
Cpl. WHITHAKER, HARVEY R. JR.
T/5 BAKER, WILLIAM
T/5 MELLAY, FRANK
T/5 LEBER, KENNETH
T/5 VERASTKO, STEPHEN
T/5 SULLIVAN, RICHARD A.
T/5 JEFFERSON, JOHN
T/5 PRESTWOOD, RAY
T/5 SOUTHARD, WILLIAM
T/5 FARBSTEIN, HERBERT
T/5 BALSAM, JOSEPH J.
T/5 QUIST, RICHARD L.
T/5 PAUL, FRANCIS J.
T/5 WEISMAN, NELSON N.
T/5 DAVIS, ALTON
T/5 EVERSON, ARTHUR
T/5 ROSENBERG, MARTIN
T/5 HARPER, BUFORD
T/5 CROWLEY, JOHN
T/5 LAHERT, JOSEPH C.
T/5 BAIRD, JAMES E.
Pfc. CAIN, WILLIAM D.
Pfc. MANOWIECKI, STANLEY
Pfc. STANGE, ROBERT D.
Pfc. PASSON, WALTER
Pfc. SMITH, PAUL
Pfc. BOYCE, CLARENCE
Pfc. CORINGRATO, ALFREDO
Pfc. MURPHY, RUSSELL
Pfc. DUNPHY, JAMES R.
Pfc. UIBELHOER, CARL H.
Pfc. SPEARS, MARSHALL C.
Pfc. YORK, CHARLES
Pfc. TOWNSEND, WILLIAM R.
Pfc. CARR, DONALD



Pfc. PEAYT, LEE	Pvt. MURTAGH, THOMAS J. JR.
Pfc. CLARK, ROGGIE	Pvt. HUTCHERSON, PAUL J.
Pfc. CURTIN, JOHN	Pvt. STEFAN, WALTER J.
Pfc. FAICHIO, JOHN A.	Pvt. BERNSTEIN, BERNARD
Pfc. JOYCE, JOHN P.	CWO LUCAS, MICHAEL
Pfc. SITZBERGER, STUART	S/Sgt. CALL, ROBERT J.
Pvt. SHARP, HUGH	S/Sgt. PASCALE, MICHAEL
Pvt. MIZIKOWSKI, PAUL B.	T/4 HIGGINS, THEODORE

AIR MEDAL

1st Lt. SEIGNEUR, BASIL L. (4 Oak Leaf Clusters)
1st Lt. SANDS, ROBERT W. (4 Oak Leaf Clusters)
1st Lt. BALES, ROBERT V. (3 Oak Leaf Clusters)
S/Sgt. HEMMERLY, RICHARD R. (4 Oak Leaf
Clusters)
Cpl. HAGMAN, JAMES M.

PURPLE HEART

Lt. Col. RENOLA, RAYMOND	T/5 QUIST, RICHARD L.
1st Lt. JONES, JOHN D.	T/5 SULLIVAN, WILLIAM W.
1st Lt. NEMNICH, LLOYD W.	T/5 BAGWELL, HENRY L.
2nd Lt. HART, JAMES A. JR.	T/5 KALIL, THOMAS
2nd Lt. HYSLOP, DOUGHLAS H.	Pfc. PLONSKI, TADDEUS V.
2nd Lt. GARLOCK, SCHELLER L.	Pfc. PASSON, WALTER
M/Sgt. ARCHER, GEORGE T.	Pfc. UIBELHOER, CARL H.
Sgt. DITZEL, CHRIS W.	Pfc. WALDRUP, CLEMENT
Sgt. CAYLOR, MAX D.	Pfc. PRUS, FREDOLIN M.
T/4 REIDY, JOSEPH M.	Pfc. JOHNSON, LEE G.
Cpl. SZELAGOWSKI, ANTHONY	Pfc. BURNS, HUGH
Cpl. BROPHY, LAWRENCE V.	Pfc. MACRIS, THEODORE
Cpl. KROEGER, RUDOLPH	Pvt. STEWART, HOMER
Cpl. DANIELL, THURMAN	Pvt. WHILEON, LINWOLD



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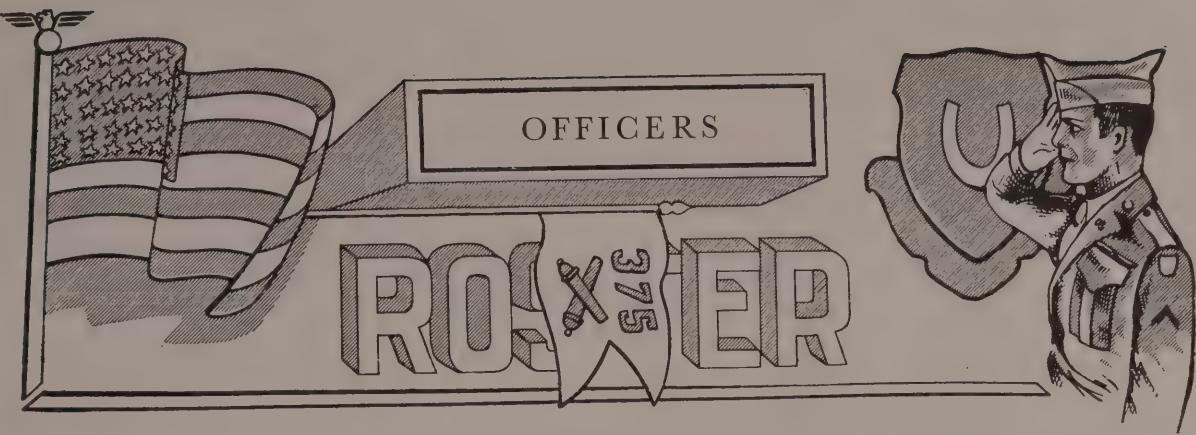
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PEROTTI, JAMES D.	Box 138 Route 1, Bessemer, Mich.

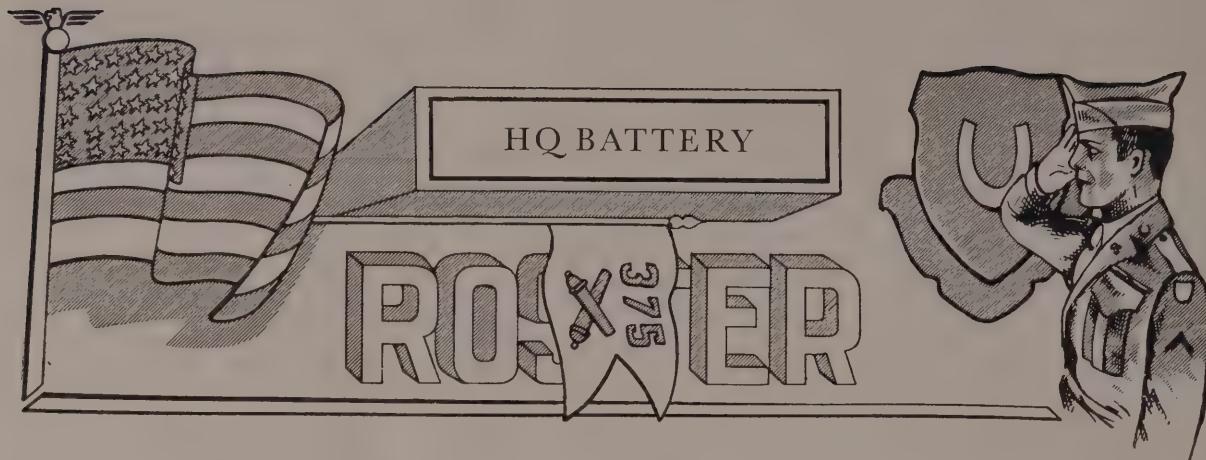
PLANTO, MORRIS	2022 Cincinnati Ave., San Antonio, Texas
PORCELLI, ANTHONY J.	144 Madison Rd., Scarsdale, N.Y.
POWELL, EDGAR	535 Godwin Ave., Wortendyke, N.J.
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SHARPE, FORREST D. JR.	401 Forest St., Shreveport, La.
SHERMAN, KEITH	4596 Palm Ave., Lamesa, Calif.
SIMON, GEORGE H.	2880 Clinton St., Camden, N.J.
SINGER, WILLIAM J.	1677 S. Elliott St., Evansville, Ind.
SMILEY, NEVIN M.	654 W. South St., Galesburg, Ill.
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STAMAN, JOHN P. JR.	225 Brookline Blvd., Brookline, Del. Co., Pa.
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TEPE, JOHN B.	2215 Greenup St., Covington, Ky.
TRACY, GEORGE W.	834 Sunset Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
VAN COOK, ARTHUR F.	1886 Morris Ave., New York, N.Y.
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VOYE, CHARLES G.	34 Rector Road, Boston, Mass.
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WILKES, ELBERT H.	DeQueen, Arkansas
WILLSON, LEON H. JR.	Volborg, Montana
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YOST, HOWARDS	187 Raymond Road, West Hartford, Conn.
YOUNG, CHARLES M.	437 Greenwood Rd., Raleigh Court, Roanoke, Va.

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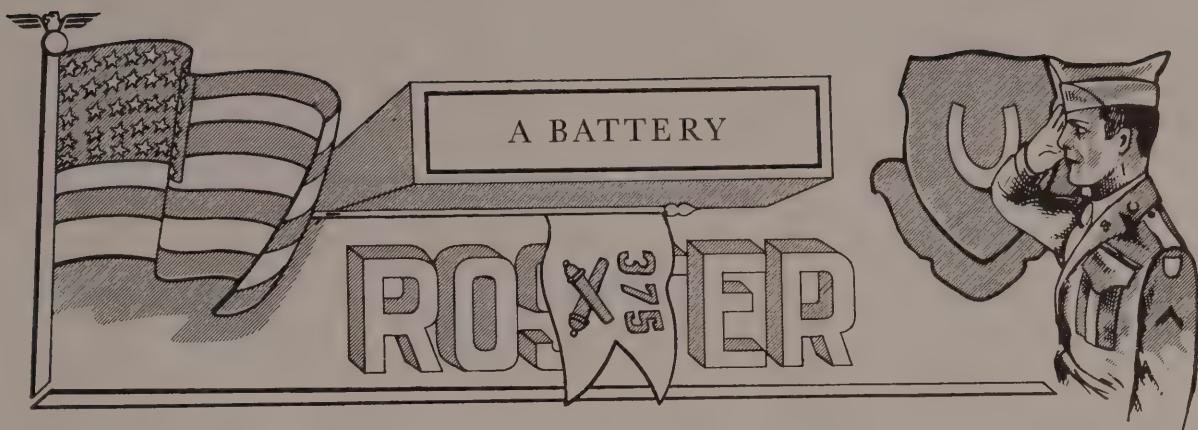
AGLIALORO, GEORGE J.	274 Himrod St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
ALEO, ANTONIO.	19 Bristol, Conn.
ARCHER, GEORGE T.	12 Prospect St., E. Pepperell, Mass.
ARMS, ROBERT W.	317 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa.
BAGAN, GERALD L.	711 W. 2nd St., McCook, Nebraska
BAKER, WILLIAM H. JR.	165 E. 61st St., New York, N.Y.
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BARBIERI, ARTHUR T.	49 Clay St., New Haven, Conn.
BARNUM, MILTON W.	3 Silver St., Gt. Barrington, Mass.
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BENT, DOUGLAS H.	6 Sidney St., Watertown, Mass.
BERNSTEIN, AARON H.	1015 Elk St., Franklin, Pa.
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BURKETT, ROBERT L.	108 Sinclair, Ave., Cranston, Prov. 7, R.I.
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DWYER, BERNARD J.	110 F. John St., Newberry, Mich.
ELLIOTT, PAUL V.	220 Broad St., Florence, N.J.
ELLIS, MURRAY M.	265 McClellan St., New York, N.Y.
EVANS, JOHN W.	38 Ensign St., E. Hartford, Conn.
EVANS, WILLIAM C.	
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FINGERLY, GEORGE J.	3069 42d St., Astoria, Long Island, N.Y.
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FRITSCH, CARL E.	100 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N.J.
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GAINES, ALFRED L.	323 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.
GARLOCK, SCHELLER L.	3507 Hickory Ave., Baltimore, Md.
GARNER, LOUIS J.	604 Parker St., Roxbury, Mass.
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HUNTER, ROBERT H.	52 Olive St., Springfield, Vt.
JEFFERSON, JOHN H.	312 S. 8th St., Griffin, Ga.
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JOHNSON, ROBERT E.	3137 Woodrow Ave., Flint., Mich.
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KOLOSKY, MICHAEL J.	89 Thomas St., Bhamfield, N.J.
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MAHON, JOHN A.	241 Pine St., Fall River, Mass.
MAHR, FRANCIS G.	135 Pearl St., Milton Mass.
MALEN, LEONARD K.	773 Ohio St., Millvale, Penn.
MARCUM, JAMES E.	Narvel, Kentucky
MASSA, VITO	159 Baldwin Ave, Jersey City, N.J.

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MAYFIELD, WILLIE H.	Poe Mill, Greenville, S.C.
MAYNARD, GORDON J.	60 Canal St., Nashua, N.H.
McCARNEY, DALE E.	Churdan, Iowa
McDERMOTT, WARREN R.	12 Clifton Place, Roxbury, Mass.
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MORELAND, PAUL A.	Duncanwood, Ohio
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MULLIN, JOHN B.	50 Turner Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.
MURTAGH, THOMAS J. JR.	Hubart Rd., Southold, Long Island, N.Y.
NERSESIAN, SIMON	1088 Washington Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
NESKE, ROBERT N.	323 E. Glen Ave., Ridgewood, N.J.
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PERRY, CARROL C.	1008 Alta Vista Ave., Charlottesville, Va.
POSLUSNY, FRANK J.	118 W. 20th St., Bayonne, N.J.
POUYAT, VINCENT A.	38 Astoria Blvd., Astoria, N.Y.
PRESTWOOD, RAY M.	2336 11th Ave., Hickory, N.C.
RILEY, ROSCOE C. JR.	23 Beach St., Rhinebeck, N.Y.
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ROSENBERG, MARTIN	6822 No. Wayne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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ROUND, JOHN W.	238 Van Dien Ave., Ridgewood, N.J.
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SABBATINI, ANDREW	370 Montauk Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

SHAPIRO, JULIUS	1151 Elder Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
SHEA, MORTIMER J.	1133 1st Ave., New York City, N. Y.
SHEFFIELD, ABIJAK C. JR.	423 W. Broad St., Gainesville, Ga.
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SIZEMORE, CHARLES L.	Dixie, W. Va.
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SMITH, DOUGLAS W.	18 Cliff St., Arlington, Mass.
SNYDER, CHARLES B.	34 East Street, Dalton, Mass.
SORREL, ARTHUR W.	Preston, Missouri
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STANKLER, MAVUIN J.	329 Muvietto St., Hawthorne, N.Y.
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SULLIVAN, RICHARD A.	27 Forrester St., Salem, Mass.
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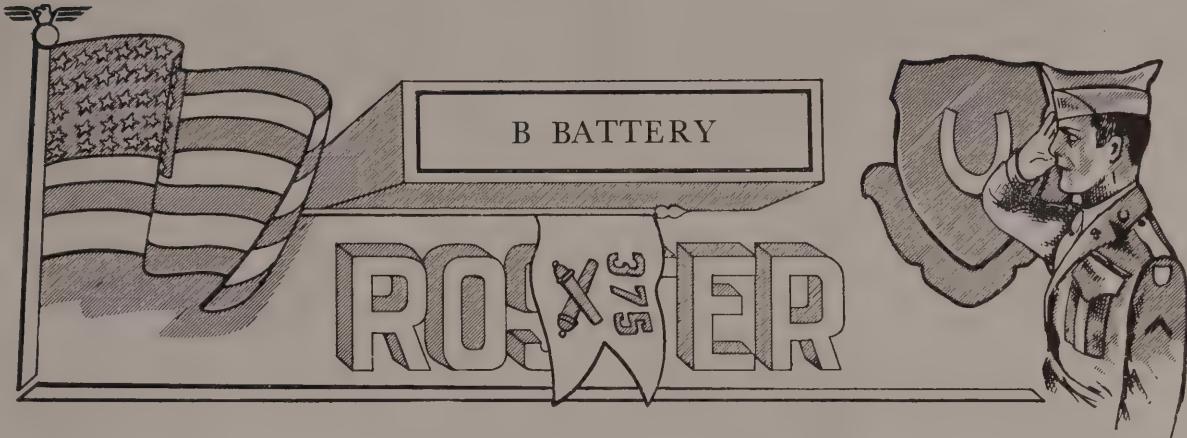


ABRAHAMSON, GEORGE	20 Wright St., N. Chelmsford, Mass.
ADELMAN, BENJAMIN	130 Third St., Chelsea, Mass.
AGLIOZZO, JOHN J.	76 Mt Prospect Ave., Belleville, N.J.
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GLAESER, ELDIE	General Del., Taylor, Texas
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KOPPELMAN, EDWARD	559 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
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LEISER, HENRY R.	1544 N. Wood St., Shamokin, Pa.
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LEWIS, MAYNARD R.	Lunenberg, Vermont
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MANZO, EMMEAT	63 Richard St., Koppel, Pa.
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MILLER, CLAYTON A.	2 Elm St., Auburn, Mass.
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PALMER, FRANK J.	7 William St., Mechanicville, N.Y.
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RENFROW, JAMES E.	Renfrow, Kentucky
RICCO, JAMES	509 W. 104th St., New York, N.Y.
RIGA, EMIDIO J.	1387 E. 48th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
RIVERA, ANGEL	858 Union Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
SALDIS, BENEDICT T.	88 Cox Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.
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SCHMIELAU, JOHANNES.	150 E. 86th St., New York, N.Y.
SCHMITT, HARRY A.	4937 N. Fairhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.
SEELIG, CHARLES J.	28 W. Elisha St., Waterloo, N.Y.
SEILER, ALFRED J.	RFD 3, Gloversville, N.Y.
SISCO, CURTIS F.	6 Hawthorne Terrace, Leonia, N.J.
SLOUGH, JOHNNY E.	190 Fink St., Concord, N.C.
SLUSHER, ROY L.	Route 2, Moneta, Va.
SNOW, HAROLD E.	Route 2, Solsberry, Indiana
SPENCE, ALLEN C.	Route 1, Willis, Va.
SPERLING, NELSON S.	Box 14, Stratford, Conn.
SPRAWIS, LORAINE	Route 1, Ringgold, Louisiana
STAHEL, PAUL.	36 21st Ave., Whitestone, N.Y.
STEFAN, WALTER J.	407 So. 7th St, Newark, N.J.
STEIN, LOUIS	99 Featherbed Lane, Bronx, N.Y.
STEWART, HOMER	Pennland, N.C.
STOCKMEIER, FREDERICK C.	RFD 1, Holgate, Ohio
STOHR, THEODORE O.	25 Chapman Pl., Irvington, N.J.
STROZER, FRED M.	222 E. 202nd St., Bronx, N.Y.
SULLIVAN, THOMAS A.	742 Main St., Wakefield, Mass.
TABLER, RALPH C.	121 S. Summit St., Prescott, Arizona
THOMAS, ARTHUR H.	195 West St., Essex Junction, Vermont
THOMAS, DANIEL E.	237 Chestnut St., Pasadena, Cal.
TOWNSEND, WILLIAM R.	General Delivery, Hillsboro, W. Virginia
UNGER, JOSEPH JR.	132 Kinsey Ave., Kenmore, N.Y.
VENETTE, ERNEST E.	RFD 2, Orange, Mass.
WALDRUP, CLEMENT J.	McKenzie, Tennessee
WALSH, LAWRENCE M.	437 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, N.J.
WARE, HENRY A.	Swainsboro, Georgia
WEISMAN, NELSON N.	1620 Avenue I, Brooklyn, N.Y.
WHITLEY, ROBERT L.	Dover, N.C.
WILSON, FRED D.	40 Minerva Ave., Hawthorne, N.J.
ZAHN, WALTER E.	4312 Tuckerman St., Hyattsville, Md.
ZANGARI, DOMINIK M.	56 Bellevue, Ave., Haverhill, Mass.

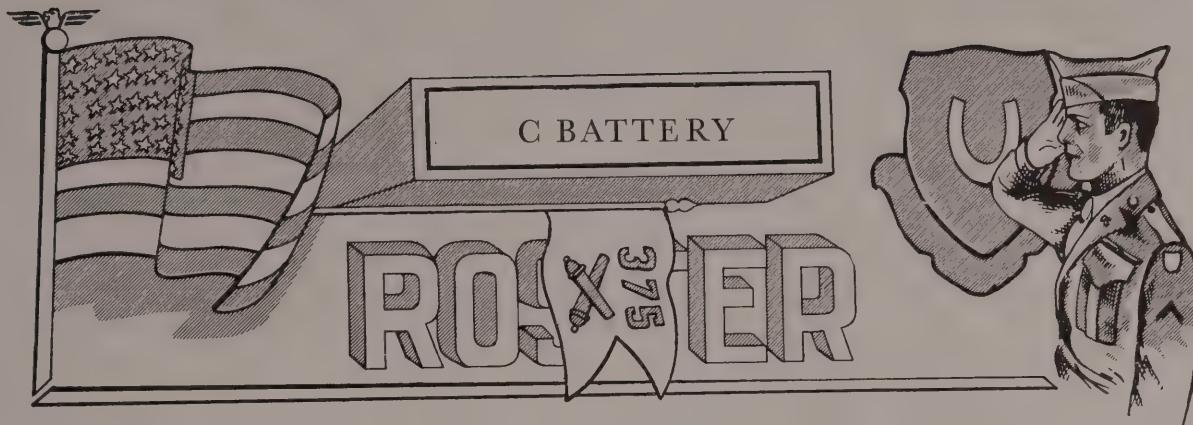


ABELL, WILLIAM P.	Route 50, Middleburg, Va.
ALLEN, HARRY	63 Fulton St., Phoenix, N.Y.
ANCONA, BIAGIO	4480 Seymour St., Detroit, Mich.
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BAER, FRANCIS H.	Rogers Ave., Elicott City, Md.
BALSAM, JOSEPH J.	403 W. 28th St., New York, N.Y.
BARBIER, JOHN J.	382 Williston Way, Pawtucket, R.I.
BARKER, WILLIAM G.	541 W. Parkway, Detroit, Mich.
BAUMGARD, HARRY W.	484 Downing St., Denver, Colorado
BEISEL, FRANK A.	348 Main St., Williamsport, Pa.
BEYENS, THEOPHILE	76 Irving Place, New York, N.Y.
BIGDA, HENRY S.	9 Richmond Lane, Adams, Mass.
BOLLING, OTTO G.	Strawberry Hill St., Dover, Mass.
BOLOGNINO, CARL J.	162 Elm St., Albany, N.Y.
BONET, CESAR	130 E. 104 St., New York, N.Y.
BROWN, CLARENCE F.	821 W. Cross St., Baltimore, Md.
BROWN, EDWIN O.	92 Pearl St., Essex Junction, Vt.
BROWN, ROY P.	Box 86, Lithia Springs, Ga.
BUCCO, ANGELO A.	412 Jackson St., Hoboken, N.J.
CARLSON, NORRIS F.	Akeley, Pa.
CHAPMAN, ROBERT J.	2008 E. 4th St., Waterloo, Iowa
CHOJNICKI, HENRY	217 Boot St., New Britain, Conn.
CLONIGER, EBBIE L.	605 E. 35th St., N. Charlotte, N.C.
CLOUD, NORMAN E.	137 Middle Road, Haverhill, Mass.
COLE, JOHN K.	603 Gary Ave., Wheaton, Illinois
CONDA, SAMUEL J.	McKinley Ave., Burlington, N.J.
CORDEIRO, MANUEL JR.	108 Arlington Ave., Warren, R.I.
CROCKER, CARLTON L.	c/o Rooks, Westford, Mass.
CROWLEY, GEORGE W.	50 Baldwin St., Lynn, Mass.
CURTAIN, JOHN H.	412 West 54th St., New York, N.Y.
CURTIN, DAVID E.	39 Dale Ave., Quincy, Mass.
DALALIAN, ALBERT	515 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
D'ANDREA, EDWARD F.	11 107th Ave., Richmond Hill, LI., N.Y.

DANIELL, THURMAN W.	Lithia Springs, Georgia
DOOLEY, THOMAS	412 Park Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.
DROMNES, EDVIN	117 Columbia Hts., Brooklyn, N.Y.
EAGAN, JAMES S.	211 East Smith St., Herkimer, N.Y.
ELKO, MICHAEL J.	26 Edmond St., Hamden, Conn.
EVERSON, ARTHUR	659 69th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
FAICHIO, JOHN A.	17 Leonard St., Mechanicave, N.Y.
FALDOWSKI, LEON E.	R. 32 W. Grand St., Nanticoke, Pa.
FINLEY, ROY L.	712 E. Point St., East Point, Ga.
FITZGIBBON, JOHN H.	1273 Stewart Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
FITZPATRICK, ARTHUR S.	1305 Francis St., Utica, N.Y.
FRANKEL, SIMON	237 E. 5th St., New York, N.Y.
FREEDMAN, ABRAHAM	212 Poplar St., Chelsea, Mass.
GADEL, EMILE J.	1327 Touro St., New Orleans, La.
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GARABEDIAN, RICHARD A.	6 Riedel Place, Worcester, Mass.
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GERMANO, FREDERICK L.	129 Osborne St., Auburn, N.Y.
GILBERT, VICTOR M.	14 Liberty Ave., Ozone Park, N.Y.
GIMMARELLA, FRANK M.	139 Sherman Place, Garfield, N.J.
GOLDSMITH, EUGENE	223 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y.
GRIFFIN, THOMAS A.	Shop Spring, Tennessee
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JACKSON, HOBERT C.	Rt. 1, Danville, Ala.
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JENNINGS, RALPH E.	LaFayette, Ala.
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JOHNSON, KENNETH G.	1227 Marion Ave., So Milwaukee, Wisconsin
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JURGELAS, EDWARD G.	Chapel Road, So Windsor, Conn.
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KENNEDY, VICTOR N.	1719 W. Allison St., Philadelphia, Pa.
KING, STUART G.	Sabael, N.Y.
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KNAPP, PAUL F.	Leavittsburg, Ohio
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KULESH, JOHN	55 4th St., Elizabeth, N.J.
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MANS, JOHN T.	85 Jordan, Jersey City, N.J.
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McGARRY, EDWARD J.	321 Wayne St., Archbald, Pa.
MCLEAN, WILLIAM.	614 S. Scott St., South Bend, Ind.
MENDEL, ARDEN J.	
MERCHAND, NELSON A.	6 Providence St., Millbury, Mass.
MICELO, ANTHONY	317 Johnston Ave., Jersey City, N.J.
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MOLKENBUR, RALPH	2572 A Farrar St., St. Louis, Mo.
MONTANARI, GIOTTI E.	1159 Chestnut St., Union, N.J.
MULVAY, JOHN J.	666 Coutland Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
MURPHY, RUSSELL A.	McKinley, Maine
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OPUDA, STEVEN	79 Market St., Garfield, N.J.
OUGHSTUN, EDMUND	87 Arch St., New Britain, Conn.
OWENS, THOMAS C.	816 Stevens Ave., Huntsville, Ala.
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PFARR, JOHN F.	Slaterville, N.Y.
PATERNO, FRANK J.	15 King St., Belleville, N.J.
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ROSENCRANS, HARRY L.	210 S. 10th St., Keokuk, Iowa
ROSENSTEIN, SIDNEY R.	211 Pulaski St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
RUGGIERO, JOSEPH J.	1921 Ave., Z Brooklyn, N.Y.
SAAVEDRA, PETER M.	506 W. 146th St., New York, N.Y.
SCANIO, ALFRED P.	1027 Monroe Ave., Asbury Park, N.J.
SCRIFIGNANO, SAMUEL	452 S. 12th St., Newark, N.J.
SHANEYBROOK, EDWARD C.	2700 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.
SHUSDOCK, JOHN J.	Glenville Road, Glenville, Conn.
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SOLAN, LOUIS J.	273 Troy Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
SPEZIALE, JOSEPH	59 W. 34th St., Paterson, N.J.
STANGE, ROBERT D.	224 Whittier St., Columbus, Ohio
STONE, RUSSELL W.	770 Crouse St., Akron, Ohio
STRONG, WILLIAM	81 Willow St., Chelsea, Mass.
SUGERMAN, LEWIS	500 E. 53rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
SULLIVAN, GLENN A.	Batesville, Mississippi
SZECSKAS, STEPHEN JR.	36 Fleet St., Boston, Mass.
TAPPERO, ALBERT B.	County Rd., Kearsarge, Mich.
TOMLIN, HOWARD C. JR.	14 East Main St., Millville, N.J.
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WALBERT, JOHN JR.	492 Grant St., Mansfield, Ohio
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WALSTON, JONAS W.	1116 S. Main St., Rocky Mt., N.C.
WARREN, JASON, C. JR.	201 W. Wyoming Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
WEBB, ROSCOE	Rt. No. 1, Cedar Buff, Ala.
WHITTEN, ARTHUR W.	E. Waterboro, Maine
WIKOWSKI, JOSEPH	113 Charlotte Ave., Rock Hill, S.C.
YORK, CHARLES T.	28 Gates Ave., Ridgewood, Long Island, N.Y.
ZUDEKOTT, ISADORE	46 Kelsey Ave., West Haven, Conn.



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ADAM, DALLAS L.	560 Chestnut St., Emmaus, Penn.
ALBERT, WALTER T.	544 Granite St., Manchester, N.H.
ALLEN, JAMES H.	Pittsburg, Kentucky
AMORIN, MANUEL	15 148th St., Jamaica, N.Y.
ATIGIAN, WALTER	16 Perkins St., Providence, R.I.
ATKINS, BLAINE S.	1335 Sixth Ave., Watervliet, N.Y.
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BELLINO, JAMES	16 Haynes St., E. Boston, Mass.
BENTIVEGNA, SALVATORE	253 Stanhope St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
BEST, ALBERT C.	24 Baldwin St., Lynn, Mass.
BOEHM, JOHN H.	3512 Woodlea Ave., Baltimore, Md.
BONDY, FRANK L.	6113 A 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
BOYNTON, WILLIAM D.	287 Buttonwoods Ave., Apponaug, R.I.
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BUSH, WILBURN H.	Rt. 2, Ruena Vista, Tenn.
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CALANDRO, ANTHONY H.	2341 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
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CAYLOR, MAX D.	N. Spencer St., Dalton, Ga.
CHRISTOFI, LOUIS	2013 Caton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
CIFFO, LOUIS	276 Grand St., New York, N.Y.
COLLINS, JOHN F.	60 Stanley St., East Hartford, Conn.
COMBES, RICHARD S.	Burtch St., Sheffield, Mass.
CONRAD, ALMON A.	277 Barney St., Wilkes-Barre, Penn.
CONROY, THOMAS J.	1275 Webster Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
CONTI, RALPH A.	1136 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

COOKE, JAMES H.	663 Eagle Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
CRANMER, GILBERT C.	234 Parker Ave., Woodlynne, N.J.
CRAVEN, WILLARD	Rt. 3, Hogansville, Ga.
CRAVATH, LEONARD M.	15 Egremont Road, Brighton, Mass.
CRISTALLI, ANTHONY J.	145 Douglas St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
DEGNAN, STEPHEN A.	278 Sherman Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
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DIBELLO, JOHN F.	176 Morrison Ave., Somerville, Mass.
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DURKAN, LUKE	674 St. Mary's St., Bronx, N.Y.
ERVIN, JOHN L.	401 S. Railroad St., Kings Mountain, N.C.
ETHRIDGE, ROBERT L.	538 E. 20th St., Rome, Georgia
FARNHAM, FRANCIS J.	RFD 1, Waterbury, Vermont
FEENEY, THOMAS J.	68 Sison Ave., Hartford, Conn.
FOIRE, JOHN E.	29 Poplar St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
FRANKLIN, WILLIAM I.	Milford, N.J.
GARNER, JOHN C.	Lakeview, N.C.
GARTRELL, MAJOR M. JR.	611 Broad St., Wilson, N.C.
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GAVIN, WILLIAM E.	2233 Kane St., La Crosse, Wis.
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GREGORY, JOHN J.	North Sebago, Maine
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HERNDON, WILLIAM L.	Route 1, Franklin, Ga.
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HILL, JOYCE H.	Route 3, Ball Ground, Ga.
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JENKINS, FREDERICK E.	138 Pleasant St. Apponaug, R.I.
JOHNSON, ALFRED P.	2432 Webb Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
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JOYNER, PRESTON C.	310 W. Lee St., Wilson, N.C.
KAISER, JOHN W.	3224 81st St., Jackson, Hts., N.Y.

KRAWOWSKI, CHARLES J.	1288 Hoe Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
KITCHING, CORT A.	
KOLASA, BRUNO F.	1262 Lansdowne Ave., Camden, N.J.
KOROMI, JAMES S.	179 E. 109th St., New York, N.Y.
KRAGCA, GEZA	308 E. 71st St., New York, N.Y.
KRAMER, WILLIAM J.	8493 129th St., Richmond Hill, N.Y.
KRONICK, BEN	3126 33rd St., Long Island City, N.Y.
KRUG, GEORGE C.	R.D., Loretto, Penn.
LANERI, PETER E.	69 Sullivan St., New York, N.Y.
LATIMER, THOMAS F.	8060 Drive, Maspeth, N.Y.
LEFKOWITZ, ARTHUR	Mt. Pleasant Ave., Whippany, N.J.
LEIF, MAX	743 Sackman St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
LINSIN, DAVID K.	Livingston St., Norwood, N.J.
LINSTRUTH, HARRY B.	106 W. Locust St., Rome, N.Y.
MACRIS, THEODORE	99 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
MALINGUAGGIO, JOSEPH	38 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.
MANDOR, MICHAEL P.	326 Academy St., Newark, N.J.
MANJAN, JOHN G.	14 Penn. St., Bressler, Penn.
MANTELL, ROBERT L.	15 Spring St., E. Bridge Water, Mass.
MAURER, EDWARD	6095 68th Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
McGREGOR, ROBERT C.	Westlake, La.
MIKULA, LEONARD G.	RD 1, Lemont Furnace, Penn.
MILLER, JESSE R.	Rt. 1, Bakersville, N.C.
MILLER, JOHN G.	60 Prospect St., Voorheesville, N.Y.
MOODY, JAMES E.	Rt. 1, Cookeville, Tenn.
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NIZIOLEK, ANDREW S.	2103 S. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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PERNO, JOHN W.	316 E. 62nd St., New York, N.Y.
PETRIATIS, JOSEPH D.	506 Ridge St., McKeesport, Penn.
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POPO, DOMINICK A.	1105 N. Du Pont St., Wilmington, Del.
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QUIST, RICHARD L.	RD 2, Milan, Ill.
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SAKALOUSKAS, JOHN	44 Walnut St., Lawrence, Mass.
SEIPP, WILLIAM F.	Route 1, Finksburg, Md.

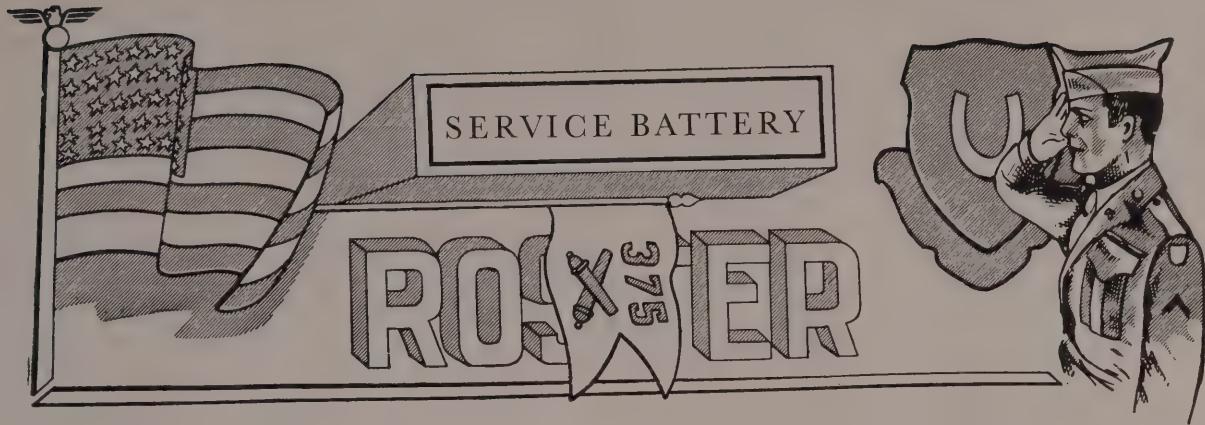
SEMMENS, WILLIAM G.	408 E. 6th St., Anaconda, Montana
SHAW, WILLIAM E.	173 Forth St., Pittsfield, Mass.
SINGER, HENRY	554 E. 92nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
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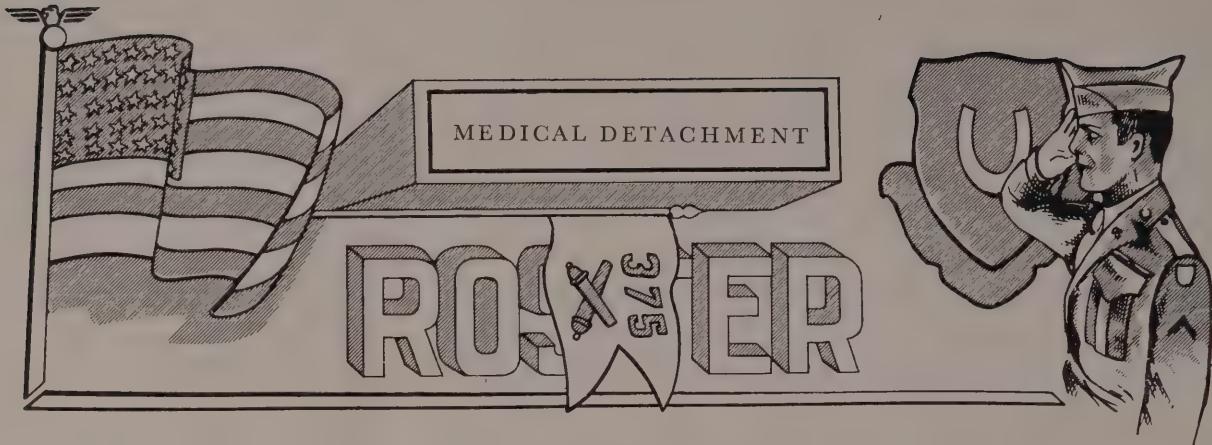
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WILSON, DEWEY L.	1934 Travis St., Springfield, Mo.

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Madon
France soon
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*Judge not that ye be not judged, we carried the torch to the goal.
The goal is won: guard the fire: it is yours: but remember our soul.
Breathes through the life that we saved, when our lives went out
in night: Your body is woven of ours: see that the torch is alight.*





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